

# The Expositor

*The Minister's Trade Journal*

## The Word Became Flesh

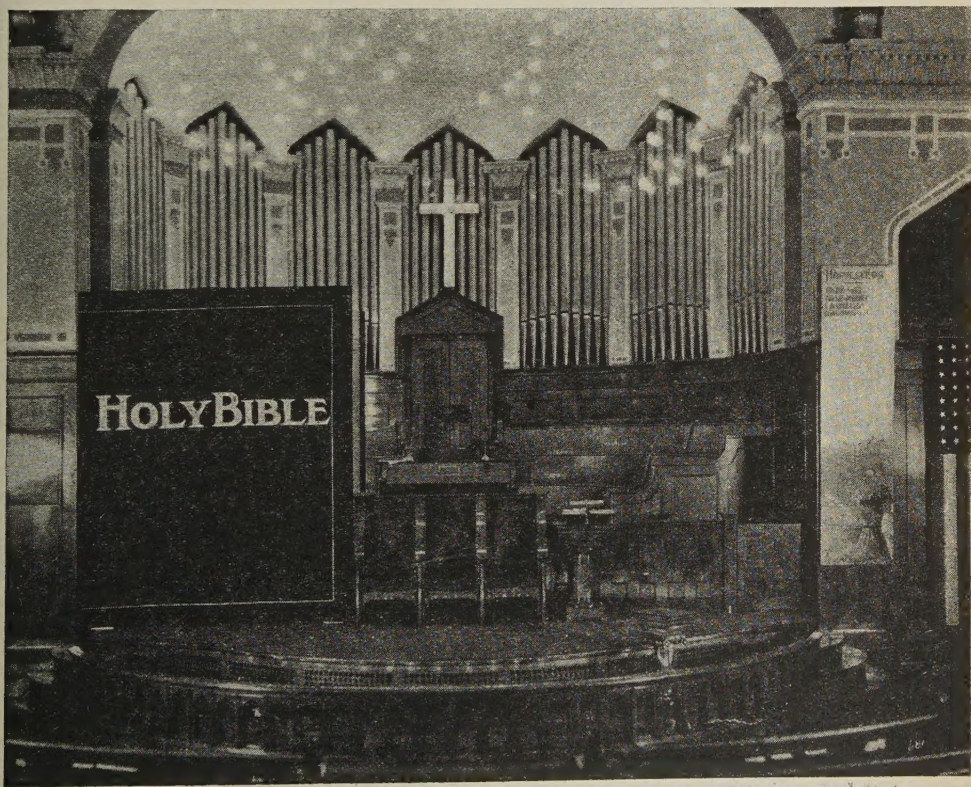
REV. ROY L. SMITH, D.D.

A great audience was listening to the reading of the scripture lesson. Presently they became aware that the lights were growing dim and that darkness was creeping in upon the people. But the voice of the preacher went on until, at last, the people sat in total darkness.

Suddenly a powerful spotlight flooded with light a gigantic bible, eleven feet high and nine feet wide, which stood at the right of the pulpit. At the same moment two beautiful young women long, flowing, white robes, entered the field of

red light and reverently opened the great bible, the huge lid turning back without a sound, and as if by magic.

Still the voice of the preacher went on reading. It was the story of the sower who went forth to sow and as the big Bible opened it was discovered that the parable was being re-enacted before their very eyes. There was the sower, the stony ground, the wayside, the thorns and thistles and the fallow ground. The whole scene was lighted with amber and red, indicative of the early morn-



Our "bible" was eleven feet high, nine feet wide, and four feet thick. The little tableau stage inside was four feet deep and nine feet high, thus giving room for life-size figures. A strong steel wire running from the outside corner of the "lid" to a beam overhead provided the additional support needed to make the "lid" swing easily. Building-board was used for the backgrounds and a frame, covered with muslin and painted, made up the lid of the bible.



ing. Meanwhile, throughout the reading the sweet-toned organ had been playing ever so softly the old gospel hymn, "Sowing the precious seed."



When the scripture lesson was complete a quartet took up the music and sang from out the darkness, "Pass me not, Oh gentle Saviour." As they came to the last verse the young women closed the Bible, the beautiful electric cross came on and at the close of the music the preacher began to pray. It was easy to preach after that. The people had seen the parable and "a picture is worth a thousand words," as the Chinese say.

The whole thing came about very simply, but the impression made upon this city of a half million people will not be forgotten for many a day.

I had decided to preach a series of sermons on the parables of Jesus and was searching for some method of presenting them which would be reverent, interesting and dramatic. Then the idea of presenting them in the form of living pictures came to me and the results have been so unusual that I am persuaded that my brethren can use the idea just as effectively and with most gratifying results.

#### Equipment and Characters

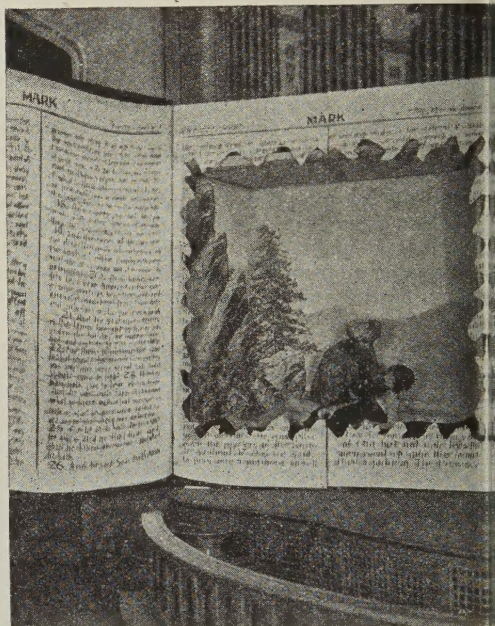
A scenic company built the big bible for me, though it is so simple that an ordinarily clever carpenter could do it just as well and an artistic decorator could paint it to represent the book.

Most of the parables involve only one or two individuals and thus can be represented very easily. No acting is necessary for the pictures are all posed and the figures remain motionless during the showing. The backgrounds appropriate for the parables can be made up very easily by local

talent, much of which is available among the young people of the church.

The illustration shown herewith gives an excellent idea of the appearance of the big bible, as well as a good idea of how it was constructed. Inside the little stage was a row of footlights and another row of overhead lights. Red, blue, amber and white were the four colors used during the entire series, though it is not necessary to have more than one color used on any one picture.

Six parables were used as follows: The Sower; The Pharisee and the Publican; The Good Samaritan; The Prodigal Son; The Rich Man and Lazarus; and The Ninety and Nine.



#### One Service in Detail

"The Ninety and Nine," or "The Lost Sheep" was to be used as the theme of the service. The scenic background of the little stage was painted to represent a pass, high up in the mountains. Behind one piece of scenery, representing a big rock, we suspended a sixty-watt red lamp which threw a red glow over the background, resembling a sunrise. The footlights and overhead lights were blue, thus producing the appearance of night on the mountainside with the sun coming up over the mountain crag. The shepherd was dressed in a white robe with a gaily colored head shawl and cape and an oriental pipe was at his lips as if he was playing the call for his sheep. He was posed as if climbing the mountain.

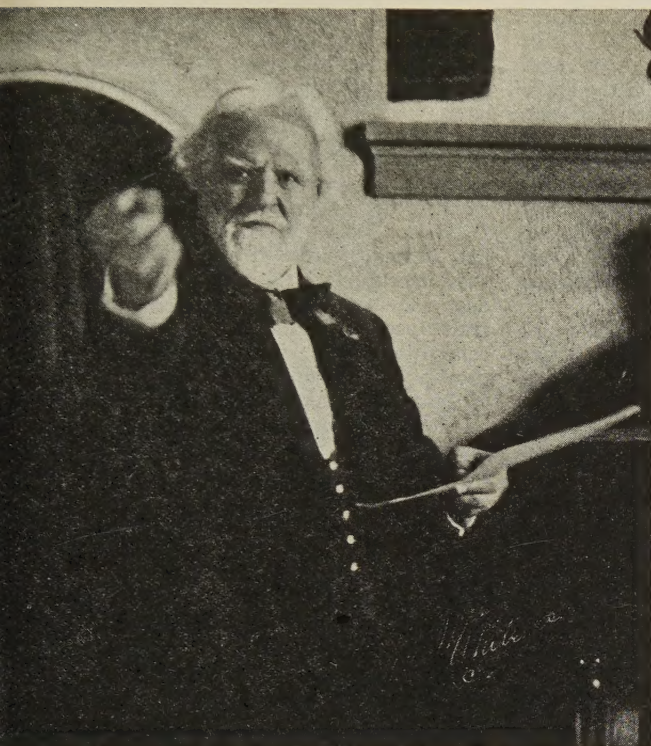
The service opened with congregational singing in which all the shepherd hymns were used, such as, Rescue the Perishing, Saviour Like a Shepherd Lead Us, etc. Then followed the prayer hymn which we use with the illuminated cross. A verse is sung with the house in darkness except for the cross, the prayer follows and closes without the

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# The Preacher-Poet Celebrates His Seventy-Fifth Anniversary

REV. WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D.D.



## EDWIN MARKHAM

Born April 23, 1852, Oregon City, Oregon

Best known as the author

of

The Man With the Hoe,

first published in 1899, and inspired by

Millet's painting

\* \* \*

"He drew a circle that shut me out —  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But Love and I had the wit to win;  
We drew a circle that took him in!"  
— From "The Shoes of Happiness."

\* \* \*

Coming up as he did, from the ranks of labor, Markham, by his prose and verse, has done fine work in helping to secure better conditions in mills and factories and especially in protecting young children from the selfishness of parents and employers.— Our Poets of Today, by Howard W. Cook.

## "How Shall It Be with Kingdoms and with Kings"

Courtesy The White Studios, Kansas City, Mo.

Edwin Markham is celebrating his 75th Anniversary this year.

He is, by all odds, the favorite poet of the teachers; and deservedly.

This 75th Anniversary will be celebrated from east to coast in literary circles, and by ministers of the church.

He is our Poet and our Prophet. He is a teacher himself at heart. I am going to illustrate at I mean by using just one of his narrative poems in this article. Markham calls it "How Great Guest Came." I call it "Conrad, the Cobbler," and Mr. Markham himself admits that he has re-Christened his child with a good name. May I say, before telling the simple story of the poem, that Mr. Markham has written at least fifty narrative poems of this type; every one of which has wrapped up in its lines a beautiful Christian story, which could be used by any teacher as the background of a sermon.

### The Setting of This Poem-Sermon

In the first paragraph of this remarkable narrative poem, Markham gives us a picture of Conrad, the Cobbler; a Christian toiler who loves his Christ and who has a vision that that Christ is to come to visit him on that day:

"He pounded away at a brisk rat-tat,  
Shearing and shaping with pull and pat,  
Hide well hammered and pegs sent home,  
Till the shoe was fit for the Prince of Rome.  
And he sang as the threads went to and fro:  
'Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show,  
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know.' "

The Cobbler — who is waiting the coming of the Christ-Guest is described by the Poet in these lines:

"Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin,  
And a full moon shone where the hair had been.  
His eyes peered out, intent and far,  
As looking beyond the things that are.  
He walked as one who is done with fear,  
Knowing at last that God is near.  
Only the half of him cobbled the shoes:  
The rest was away for the heavenly news."

What tremendous phrases are in that description; and how they do make us feel the touch of the Divine:

"He walked as one who is done with fear,  
Knowing at last that God is near."

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# Great News from Scotland

REV. F. W. BOREHAM

## I.

"Dinna forget!" cried the poor old body as, drawing her wet shawl about her bent shoulders, she waved her disengaged hand to an inside passenger heavily muffled in coats and rugs. With a crack of the whip and a blast of the horn, the old coach rumbled away from the inn door and set out through the cheerless drizzle on its long crawl northwards. The day of the umbrella not having dawned, old Janet had been compelled to walk unprotected from her cottage to the inn, and had stood patiently beside the coach whilst the horses were led out, the luggage stowed away in the cavernous boot, and the final preparations made for the impending departure.

Mr. Richard Luckhurst, the well-known hosier of Fleet street, was undertaking a visit to Scotland; and, in the seventeenth century, a visit to Scotland was regarded as a romantic and audacious adventure. When Mr. Luckhurst's old nurse, Janet Aitken, heard of the daring project, she could think and talk of nothing else. The young master was going to Scotland! He would see the Castle and Grassmarket, Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, Greyfriars' and St. Giles', and many another revered and familiar spot, the memory of which she had borne reverently within her heart ever since, as a mere lassie, she had been brought sorrowfully southwards. And perhaps—who could tell?—he might even hear some of the great Scottish preachers of whose fame she was constantly hearing. Mr. Luckhurst was not a church-going man; he set little store on such things; but she would ask him, for her sake, to go; he could but refuse.

"Ah, well, Janet," he replied with a condescending smile, "I'm not going to Scotland to hear preachers, you know! And as to all these good men that you're talking about, I should never have time to hear a tenth part of them. But set down the names of three—the three best—and if I find on making inquiry in Edinburgh that they're men who know how to speak their mind, in a reasonable space of time, I'll endeavor to sample their wares and tell you the result. Will that do?"

Janet undertook to make the required selection and to bring the paper bearing the three names to the inn-yard on the day of the coach's departure.

"Dinna forget!" she cried, as the wheels rattled past her.

The coach having rounded the bend of the narrow street, and Janet being hidden from his sight, Mr. Luckhurst drew from his pocket the scrap of paper and curiously examined it. In a painful scrawl he read the three names:

*Mister Samuel Rutherford.*

*Mister David Dickson.*

*Mister Robert Blair.*

A wave of tenderness swept over him as he thought of his old nurse, for whom he had cherished

a life-long and reverential affection. As he scanned her crazy handwriting, he pictured her returning, drenched to the skin, from the inn, her cottage a couple of miles away. Janet had been a wonderful comfort to him, first as a boy in his mother's home, and again, thirty years later, when his young wife suddenly faded and died. It was little enough that he could do for her. She was too old for work and too proud for charity. He must try to humor her in this quaint whim of hers. These three names—Rutherford, Dickson, Blair—meant nothing to him: he had, indeed, heard neither of them before. They were probably the names of long-winded, dry-as-dust old controversialists of whose gifts and graces poor old Janet had a woefully exaggerated conception. But, tedious as the ordeal would probably be, he must, for Janet's sake, endeavor to hear them. And, thus resolved, he carefully refolded the crumpled fragment and placed it in a wallet which already contained a sheaf of important business documents.

## II.

Mr. Luckhurst had not the courage to confess when he found himself in Scotland, that the names of the three preachers were entirely unfamiliar to him. For, in Scotland, those three names were household words.

*Samuel Rutherford!* Everybody spoke of him as Mr. Rutherford of Anwoth, although it was some years since he had exercised his gracious and memorable ministry in the little hamlet of the Solway. Snatched away from the people whom he was so dear, he had patiently endured his vexatious imprisonment in Aberdeen—his body shut away in the North, but his soul in Anwoth still.

Fair Anwoth, by the Solway,  
To me thou still art dear!  
E'en from the verge of Heaven,  
I drop for thee a tear.  
Oh! if one soul from Anwoth  
Meet me at God's right hand,  
My Heaven will be two Heavens,  
In Immanuel's land.

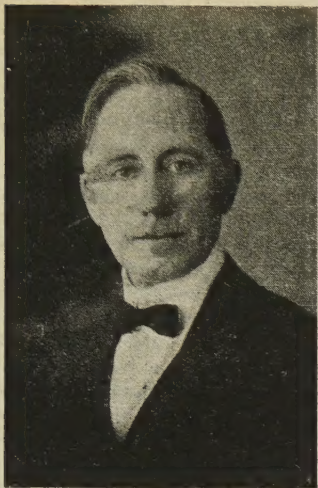
Then, shortly after his liberation and his return to his beloved Anwoth, he was appointed Professor at St. Andrews and began to play a great part in the affairs of the church and the nation. Yet, as Mr. Alexander Taylor says, it is with Anwoth that his name is lovingly and immortally entwined. "His abiding glory is that he was the good pastor of this obscure parish; that he knew his people through and through; that he went up those hillsides and across those moorlands, and found his way with faithful diligence to the mansion of the laird and to the sheiling of the shepherd, that he met one and all with the sympathy of a friend."

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# The Minister's Business Manager

REV. WILLIAM O. ROGERS



Rev. William O. Rogers

Rev. Rogers is known as the teacher of the K O A radio Bible class. For nearly two years he has given a weekly preview of International Uniform Sunday School lessons from the powerful K O A station in Denver. He has letters from every state of the Mississippi and from many east of there. Also Canada and Mexico are represented in his great air class. Hundreds of Sunday School teachers are using his suggestions for class work, teachers meetings are often held around a loud speaker, and class meetings for adults are arranged so he is the speaker of the evening over the air.

The Rev. Timothy Brown of Longdale was sitting at his desk looking over a list of vacant positions. A note from the church officers refusing an increase in salary lay before him. A look of deep disappointment lurked deep in his eyes. There is anything in signs it would not be hard to tell what he was thinking. Anyone who knew the amount of his daughter's unpaid hospital bill and the cost of his son's college expenses would surely sympathize with that thought.

A knock on the door. A visitor entered and introduced himself as Sam Fieldman. This visitor was a striking contrast in appearance to the dignified and scholarly minister. He was short, thick-set, a beefy man, with gimlet eyes, a clipped mustache and stubby hands. His suit was a loud check, set off by a big, red tie.

Fieldman gave the minister's hand a business-grip and sat down in the nearest chair, recognizing the fact that he was in the house by shoving his derby hat onto the back of his head.

"I'm a manager," began Mr. Fieldman, "and come to see if I could hook up with you."

"We have our chautauqua all signed up for this year," answered the minister, a little perplexed, "and I doubt if any additional entertainments would prove financially successful."

"Say, what do you take me for?" exclaimed Fieldman, disgustedly. "I ain't no chautauqua. I'm a manager; a personal manager."

"Manager of what?" stammered the mystified minister.

"Why, any kind of talent," was the answer. "Foot racers, box fighters, mat artists, movie stars. I don't draw no lines."

"But why have you come to me?" was the next question.

"Well," answered the visitor, "I ain't so awful busy just now, and I got to figuring that a preacher needs a manager about as bad as any line that I know."

"I can't just see what use a minister has for a manager," said the clergyman, puzzled. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, it's this way," explained Fieldman. "Talent is high strung and flighty. If they are bothered with business details and such like they can't strut their stuff. Then they are most always a dud when it comes to business. A hard bargain driver could worry them into almost giving themselves away. So they have to have a manager to take all the business load off their minds, see that they get good contracts, do the press agent work and promote 'em generally. See?"

"Now ain't your line sort of artistic and temperamental?" he went on. "Don't you need a calm mind to do your best? Ain't you and most ministers working for half what you ought to get, just because you are in a position where you can't fight for your own rights? Well, that's where I come in. I look after all business details, make all arrangements, attend to publicity, stand up for your interests, and you don't have a thing to worry about only to knock 'em cold with your stuff."

"But, my good man," ventured the minister, "if I may say so, I fear you are scarcely the type of man I would choose to represent me."

"Sure. I get you," was the answer. "I ain't pious nor high brow. That's just why I'm the man you need. These hard-boiled business men in the church like to squeeze a preacher down to the lowest possible price, and he, being a Christian and a gentleman, can't tell 'em where to head in at. Now I ain't neither one, and I can fight 'em till they drop. And they'll have sense enough not to try any tricks with me. See?"

"Well, there is something in that," admitted the minister, looking at the note on his desk with its refusal of a much needed increase in salary. "But how much would you expect for your services?"

"O, I'd split 50-50," was the answer.

"You mean I should pay you half of my salary?" was the startled query. "Why, my dear fellow, I can scarcely live on my income as it is. How could I afford to pay you half of it?"

"Hold on, Reverend," exclaimed Fieldman, raising his hand. "That's where my work comes in. I'll get you a contract that will bring you more money for your half than you can ever get alone. It's going to be dollars in your pocket, as well as mine. For the first time in your life



you're going to draw a big league salary. What do you say?"

Other arguments followed until the minister seemed to himself half hypnotized. At least he never could explain how he came to do such a thing. But when his strange visitor left, Rev. Timothy Brown had signed an agreement by which Sam Fieldman became his business manager for ten years.

Immediately the newspapers of neighboring cities began to print items of interest about the Rev. Timothy Brown, of Longdale. He was even mentioned in the editorial column as proof that the church was not losing its grip, and the sports page recounted his interest in the field meet of his old college, where his son was following in the athletic footsteps of his father.

Within six weeks Fieldman came bursting into the minister's study at Longdale waving a contract with the leading church of Center City at an unheard-of salary.

"But do you expect me to accept a call without knowing anything about the field?" asked the minister in surprise.

"You don't accept nothing," was the reply. "I signed a contract with them for your services. All you got to do is be Johnny-on-the-spot the first of next month and deliver the goods. I'm having them fix up the parsonage in fine shape and they can't hardly wait for you to get there."

"How in the world did you do it?" the minister naturally wanted to know.

"O handling a church contract is a pipe," was the answer. "I just played up the big advertising value of having a ten-thousand-dollar preacher, and told 'em to sign on the dotted line, and they was tickled half to death. We won't have no trouble with them."

In the new church Fieldman proved to be all that he had promised in the way of keeping worrumsome details from the minister. The study was established in an inner room of the church. To reach it visitors must pass through an outer office where Fieldman and a stenographer were on guard. Bores, cranks and agents were firmly told that the minister was deep in study and could not be disturbed for fear of wrecking his train of thought.

The publicity end was also skillfully taken care of. Newspaper notices, circular letters, a weekly church paper were all prepared and sent out with scarce a thought from the minister, who never had known such carefree hours before.

The first Sunday the house was packed with an eager audience. When Brown saw the Sunday morning papers, full of Fieldman's press-agenting he understood the crowd and trembled. But the people had come ready to be impressed. They went away satisfied, eager to tell their friends not to miss next Sunday's sermon. From then on there was standing room only.

Next day Mr. Brown had his first wedding. The couple was ushered into the study by Fieldman, who, with the stenographer, acted as witnesses. All went smoothly until the bridegroom asked the minister what fee was expected.

"Why, a minister makes no regular —" began. But Fieldman cut him off.

"That is to be arranged with me in the outer office," he said. "I'm the business manager."

The groom looked queer, but went out with the congratulations of the minister in his ear. What fee the manager charged for that wedding Mr. Brown never knew.

After that weddings came thick and fast, from some influence unknown to all but Fieldman and a clerk in the marriage license bureau.

Three funeral directors also called for the services of the new minister that first week. I did his best to comfort the bereaved, and I manager, who had sowed the necessary seed, gathered in the appropriate harvest. What a relief to the tender-hearted minister to be relieved from the embarrassment of receiving fees for services which he would gladly render out of pure good will.

Several business men's lunch clubs invited Mr. Brown to address them within the next few weeks and were loud in their praise of his earnest work and of thanks to Fieldman for arranging it.

When the state conference held its next annual meeting Mr. Brown was invited to preach the sermon. Just how this was brought about Fieldman never explained. But the sermon was the subject of much favorable comment from one end of the conference to the other. The minister was living up to his end of the contract as delivering the goods. Somehow he felt as if he had never been at his best before.

Suddenly a near-by college woke up and, for very good reason, decided to confer on Mr. Brown the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. That made it possible for Fieldman to get a picture and a write-up of his ministerial client on the front page of his home city's daily papers. Incidentally the paper paid space rates for the material which the press agent furnished. The pastorate could have started off under more favorable influences.

When the end of each month arrived the manager handed the minister a check for his part of the salary and extras, a check whose figure almost dazzled the preacher's eyes. The lot of poverty was lifted. For once Timothy Brown was getting what he was worth, and was better made worth what he was getting.

The officers of the church were also decidedly satisfied. The treasurer reported to the surprised trustees that for the first time in years he was able to pay all bills promptly.

"Why, sure," spoke up Fieldman, who of course attended all trustee meetings. "Didn't I tell you the increased gate receipts would more than make up the higher salary? We're all to the good."

"But," he went on, "I've been checking up on the books, and there is about 160 members who are holding out on us and deadheading their way without paying their dues. There is over half the crowd what ain't ponying up their share for missions, and some of you rich boys don't do much what you ought to."

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# Mary Magdalene the Misrepresented Woman

PROFESSOR A. T. ROBERTSON, D.D.

Get a misunderstanding started and it is most impossible to stop it. Correction never overtakes the original slander. There is absolutely nothing in the records of the Gospels as ground for the notion that Mary Magdalene was a harlot who was won to Christ. There are real objections to that view which will be stated later.

The worst form of the slander involves Christ also and pictures Mary Magdalene as the para-mour of Jesus. It is difficult to be patient or to be courteous towards one who offers a slur upon the character of Christ. Evil to him who evil thinks. Certainly Jesus needs no defense from this slander, nor does Mary, but she has been attacked in so many ways that it is only fair to her memory to answer the slanders. No one doubts the power of Christ to rescue and to change a woman of evil life. He has done it time and again with women and men and he can work that miracle of grace today. But the possession of this power is no proof that it was actual fact in the case of Mary Magdalene.

One of the later legends says not simply that Mary Magdalene had been a harlot, but relapsed into her former mode of life and "abused all her admirable gifts to tempt others to sin" (J. B. Mayor, *Hasting's Dictionary of the Bible*). This late legend is even worse than the way some articles have treated her as the synonym of the repentant and converted harlot so that the very name *Magdalene* today has come to carry that meaning. The name is now applied to houses of reform for fallen women. It is too late to change the current of actual usage, but we can at least be free from the sin of misrepresenting so noble a woman as Mary Magdalene.

Let us trace the story. The name "Magdalene" probably due to her coming from Magdala (or Magadan of Matt. 15:39), a town some three miles from Capernaum at the southern end of the Plain of Genneseret. All that the epithet means is that she was Mary of Magdala, or Mary the Magdalene, to distinguish her from the other Marys. Several rabbis in the Talmud are termed Magdalene. There is the ruin of a miserable village today called *Mejdel*. Tristran (*Bible Places*, p. 260) says "Magdala is only the Greek form of *Mighdol* or watchtower, one of the many places of the name in Palestine." The ancient Magdala was a wealthy city and the Talmud says that its tribute had to be carried to Jerusalem in wagons. The town had a bad reputation, like Corinth, and the rabbis gave this as the cause for its final destruction. It was celebrated for its dye works and was a Sabbath day's journey from Iberias. But it is folly to translate the term Magdalene the same as harlot. How about the rabbis called Magdalene?

Some of the rabbis say that Magdalene means plaiter of hair and that women of loose character made a point of wearing long plaited hair like the sinful woman who wiped her tears from the feet of Jesus with her hair (Luke 7:38). Surely

this is a fanciful reason for maligning the character of Mary.

It is argued also by some that Mary Magdalene had seven demons cast out of her, which proves that she had been a woman of evil life. Jerome (*Vit. Hil. Erem*) does speak of a *Virgo Dei* at Majumas as possessed of *amoris oemon*. Some of the Jews did consider demoniac possession as involving immorality, probably true of some, but it is a large jump to conclude that therefore it was true of Mary. Jesus spoke of the man from whom a demon was cast out and into whom the demon came again with seven other demons worse than the first, so that the last state of that man was worse than the first (Matt. 12:45 — Luke 11:26), but it is a leap in logic to conclude that therefore this was true of Mary and that she had a sevenfold possession of passion instead of a sevenfold endowment of grace. The one possessed of a demon was regarded and treated by Jesus as the victim of the evil spirit, not as an accomplice in vice. Jesus did not blame these victims for their sad condition. The divided consciousness, peculiar frenzy, and long fits of silence of the demoniac make it wholly unlikely that Mary was a harlot. Her condition was bad enough. Recall the case of the wild man who had two thousand demons in him and how uncontrollable he was before he was healed. Surely Mary Magdalene had grounds enough for deep gratitude to Jesus.

Those who treat Mary Magdalene as an abandoned woman identify her with the woman of the street who slipped into the house of Simon the Pharisee with an alabaster box of myrrh and stood at the feet of Jesus, weeping, who wet his feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair, who kissed his feet and anointed them with the myrrh. There is no question concerning the character of this woman. She was a woman of the town and the pious Pharisee was amazed that Jesus, passing as a prophet, should be so ignorant as to allow such a woman to take liberties of this nature (Luke 7:39). But Jesus did know of her many sins and had forgiven her. Her great love was due to the forgiveness she had received. Was she Mary Magdalene? If so, why did not Luke say so? It is hardly conceivable that Luke would have concealed the name of the sinful woman in chapter 7:35-50 and then adroitly introduced Mary Magdalene in 8:1-3 either to keep his readers from identifying her with the sinful woman or to suggest by inference that she was. Either alternative is quite out of harmony with Luke's method and manner. Of course, Luke may not have known of the evil life if that were a fact, but the Fourth Gospel does not give the slightest indication of such a past life. The introduction of Mary Magdalene in Luke 8:1-3 is plainly that of a new character with no connection with the sinful woman of the preceding paragraph. Mayor says that Luke could easily have said in defense of Jesus that the sinful woman had been under Satanic influence and freed of



demons and hence was showing her gratitude. But she is simply termed a sinner. If Mary Magdalene had been a common harlot, would she have been allowed to travel with Jesus and his company? Mayor asks if it would not have been placing an additional temptation in the path of one known to be unusually weak. If the Messiah were known to allow one of notorious character to travel in his group over Galilee, some might draw wrong conclusions about them all. Luke probably did not know the name of the sinful woman and closes the incident about her at the end of Chapter 7. Mary Magdalene was "a healed invalid, not a rescued social derelict" (L. M. Sweet). We do not find that Mary Magdalene did anoint the feet of Jesus. She is introduced in Luke 8:2 as a new character with no connection with the sinful woman at all.

Let Mary stand upon her own feet in the group of women in Luke 8:1-3. This is a notable company, the first organization of women for the support of the gospel of Christ. What would have been the fate of Christianity if it had appealed only to men like Mithraism, its chief rival in the second and third centuries? These women had all been healed of various diseases and had particular grounds for gratitude to Jesus. They were ministering with their property for the support of Jesus and his group of twelve preachers. It required courage and circumspection for these women to carry out this laudable enterprise and they probably incurred criticism. Apparently they had all been healed of evil spirits and weaknesses, but Mary Magdalene had special occasion for consecration because seven demons had gone out of her. The number of women is not given, though Luke says that they were "many." Blessings on these women who were the first to rally to the call of Christ for money.

Legend goes further with Mary Magdalene and actually identifies her with Mary of Bethany as well as with the sinful woman of Luke 7 and on even less basis of fact. It is argued that the name of the host in each of the two anointings is Simon, but this was a very common name. In one case it is Simon the Pharisee who sneers at Jesus, his guest. In the other case it is Simon, the leper who gives a feast in honor of Jesus. The one anointing is by a woman who had been a sinner, the other by Mary of Bethany, who does it with her mind on the death of Jesus. She alone showed any comprehension of that tragic event coming upon them. The Pharisee's complaint is about the ignorance of Jesus. The other complaint is about the wastefulness of Mary of Bethany. A mere detail is that in both cases there is an anointing and wiping of the feet of Jesus with the hair. Clearly Luke does not describe Mary Magdalene in Chapter 7 under the guise of a sinful woman, for he introduces her as a new character in 8:2. Least of all does he mean in 10:38-42 that Mary of Bethany is Mary Magdalene and certainly not the sinful woman of Chapter 7. Martha and Mary, her sister, are given their first description by Luke in 10:38-42. The Mary

of Bethany here bears no similarity at all Mary Magdalene. Luke alone, in chapter 7, gives the anointing apparently during the Galilean ministry while Matthew and Mark and John give the one at the close of the ministry during the Passion week. It is only by a patient examination of the confusion created by legend in the light of actual Scriptural data that one can sweep aside the cobwebs spun through the centuries. Three of these women had abundant cause for gratitude to Christ, but that does not mean identification. Legions of other women were also grateful. It is impossible to think that John in the Fourth Gospel confused Mary of Bethany and Mary Magdalene, either from ignorance or on purpose. It is hard, besides, to think of Mary Magdalene as the sister of Martha.

There seems to be no end of speculative confusion in ancient writings. One tries to identify Mary Magdalene as the daughter of the Syrian Phoenician woman. Another suggests that there were two Mary Magdalenes, one in Matthew and the other in John. Baring-Gould suggests that the starting point of most of these legends is due to the traditions about Marius who defeated the Ambrons and Teutons at Aix B.C. 101. At Les Baux where Marius encamped, an ancient sculpture of three figures is called *Tremaie* which Gilles interprets as Marius, his wife, Julia, and the prophetess Martha. But tradition has taken this to include Mary Magdalene. There is another *Trois Maries* sculpture at Camargue. So legends grow spinning out fanciful details.

Mary Magdalene is a clear-cut figure in the Gospels, if painters would only take her as she is there depicted. She does not appear again in the narrative till we see her standing at the Cross of Jesus with the mother of Jesus, her sister, and Mary, the wife of Cleopas. She was one of the watchers of the Cross. The mother of Jesus was taken away from the Cross to the home of the Beloved Disciple (John 19:26-27), but the other women ("many other women") remained "holding from afar" (Mark 15:40) the dreadful tragedy, these faithful women who had followed Jesus all the way from Galilee (Matt. 27:55; Luke 23:49). These women were at the Cross when all the apostles but John had fled in terror. The other of the sons of Zebedee was there, but John and James were not there. Mary Magdalene was apparently the leader of this group of women at the sad vigil at the Cross of Christ.

When Jesus was really dead, "Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of Joses, beheld where he was laid" (Mark 15:47). Mark uses the imperfect tense (*etheosoun*) and it was therefore more than a casual glance, a prolonged and anxious watch. Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were "sitting over against the tomb" (Matthew 27:61). They observed how his body was "laid" (Luke 23:53) and then returned and rested during the Sabbath day (Luke 23:56). It was a sad and sorrowful Sabbath. Somehow the women managed to get through the gloom of that dark day. The women

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# Broadening the Church Appeal

REV. ORVIS F. JORDAN, D. D.

Why are there so many people who do not join the church? That is the question that confronts perplexed pastors everywhere. Look at the thing rationally, if you will. About forty million out of a hundred and ten million people are church members. Even deducting the children too young for church membership, it would seem that out half of the people old enough to be attached to religious organizations are in. And the rest are outside! Why?

Take a census of your own town, and see what you find out. In a suburban town near St. Louis, a new pastor had his young people canvass the community. Everybody was surprised to find that fifteen hundred people should belong to the one church of the community who did not. And that church was struggling for lack of support. Is something like that true in your town? If not, then you are in the *exceptional* town.

I wanted to know something about these people that do not join the churches, so I set out with various kinds of investigations to find out just what their attitude is. I examined the returns on a number of religious censuses conducted in various communities. I have never yet found a set of census cards that would show that five per cent of the people were actually hostile to the church, and would wish that there were not any churches. Most of the fifty per cent that are outside the churches may better be called "friendly citizens," to use the nomenclature of the Interchurch World Movement. This ill-fated movement did not know the psychology of the "friendly citizen," and the movement collapsed. And we have judged the leaders of the Movement harshly for this lack of knowledge. But does any pastor in America know the "friendly citizen" any better? I am presenting a few of the facts that have come to me in the hope that it may challenge pastors to better and more thorough-going investigations. Unless we know the psychology of the "friendly citizen" all of our evangelistic plans are glimmering and all our plans for church extension.

In the first place, there is no doubt that the denominational system in America is responsible for a large number of these unchurched people. Now this is true I will indicate.

Some people have a family tradition with regard to a denomination. In my own family there is a story of four generations of attachment to the organization and body of doctrine. The temptation for me, were I layman, would be to identify myself with a local church, did business bring me to a town where there was not a church of my faith. Not all the Seven Day Baptists are reported in the year-book of that denomination. Thousands of people are scattered over the country, I do not doubt, who have long since had their names taken from the books of the local church, but they are still loyal in their hearts, to the old home church. The church census will show that fact up in any town.

The denominational idea works another way. There is a considerable number of people who want Christianity, but they are perplexed to know which denomination is right. They end it much as Abraham Lincoln did. He was a Christian in his heart, but never joined the church because he could not find any church that based its membership on the two great commandments of the law.

It seems to me furthermore that a great many of the friendly citizens see the problem of human uplift from a different standpoint than that of the church. I have travelled some in lodge circles. I do not know how you would ever get religion to the point of enthusiasm where it would keep people up more than half the night, and take them on the long journeys that degree teams of lodges often make. What is the social dynamic here? This is no spasmodic interest, for I found the lodge altar last summer where George Washington once stood as master of a lodge. Since the days of his youth this thing has lived in America in a multitude of forms. There is no denying that in a sense it is an interest competitive with the church. I know more than one man who makes his lodge his church.

Do you not know more than one woman who gives most of her service to the community through a woman's club? She is not exactly opposed to the church. But it bulks in her mind very much less than does the club. She wants good music, lectures, polite conversation and information about public events. The club serves. The church is in her mind distinctly inferior in these regards.

If this is true among adults, need we wonder that the youth of the community do not take any different attitude toward the church? They find social values in other ways than through the church.

Even the man who has no competitive organization to which he is loyal may sit at home reading, and down in his mind is the thought that in his books he finds the truth that is denied him in preaching. At any rate I have found men who talked to me that way.

All of these facts seem to challenge the minister to broaden his appeal to his public. I think I can hear a murmur of dissent from my invisible audience (to borrow a phrase from radio). My readers are saying, the minister's business is to preach the gospel and not to make his institution other than a clinic in which to save souls. To such I suggest that they examine the program of Jesus who had a three-fold ministry, teaching, preaching and healing. The minister of today should not have a smaller program, or he is bound to fail. Worship, education and social ministry are needed to make any church program go. It is the lack of this three-fold program which has greatly increased our big unchurched section of the population.

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# Letters from a Preacher Father to His Preacher Son

REV. A. RITCHIE LOW

## II. FINDING A WIFE

Dear Howard:

So you are thinking of taking unto yourself a wife! Well, I am glad of it. A minister without a wife is like an auto without a steering gear — likely to get into the ditch! It seems to me that by getting married you will relieve yourself of a great deal of embarrassment. It may decrease your popularity among the younger of the fair sex and do not be surprised if some of the comely maidens who have been so faithful in attending choir rehearsals should suddenly, upon receipt of the news, contract a bad cold and thus be rendered unable to take their usual places next Lord's Day. Let none of these things move thee.

Again, be not unduly alarmed if some of the older ladies with marriageable daughters cease to take that motherly interest in you. It won't be because they are not interested in you, they will probably continue to be, but your joining the married ranks removes a possibility that while it seemed improbable was always possible. Heretofore you have been regarded as a sort of young Lochinvar, from now on you will have to remain content to be regarded merely as their young minister.

It pleased me to know you are going to marry a girl with whom you were acquainted at college. I was afraid for a while that you would succumb to some of your fair parishioners. I am not suggesting, mind you, that this would have been a mistake. But it is never a good thing for the pastor of a church to get married and continue to minister there. When such a thing happens, as it frequently does, it is much better for all concerned, when he moves to another parish. You can, no doubt, see the wisdom of this. To stay on is certainly not fair to the wife. At least this is my personal opinion.

You have not told me a great deal about your fiancé. Because of this I want to make a few timely remarks. You know, Howard, a minister, because of the nature of his work, has to be most careful as to the sort of wife he gets. I can quite appreciate your tendency to regard this an unimportant. When a man is in love, to use an Apostolic phrase, he sees through a glass darkly but should he make a mistake the veil will inevitably be lifted and he will be face to face with life's greatest tragedy.

You have heard me speak of Hylande and wonder why on earth he never made progress in the ministry. He is talented, industrious, and capable. What then, can be wrong? It has gradually leaked out that he has been unfortunate in marriage. Poor fellow, I feel so sorry for him. In all probability he will drift into some other line of work where he will not have to face constant embarrassment.

A doctor may have a wife who is a bore, the

corner grocer's spouse may be a veritable spitting fire, in neither case will it interfere to any great extent with their daily work. But with the pastor it is different. He has the privacy of a gold fish and no amount of hard, consecrated work can make up for a wife who does not fit in. She is a rolling stone that gathers no moss, for in a probability her husband can't stay in a place long enough to gather any.

A minister makes a great mistake in linking his life up with a mere worldling. Understand me, Howard, I am not asking that a young girl should be a Madame Guyon in order to gain the attentions of a budding theolog, but it is my firm conviction that an empty-headed jazz-baby will soon bring the most promising of young men to the ground.

A successful minister's wife must first of all be interested in the work her husband is engaged in. This is true of the baker or the merchant, it is certainly most applicable to the man in the ministry. Can you imagine Kitty Kane, for instance, marrying a preacher? Would she feel at home in the mid-week service? Could she lead the folks to the throne of grace? By making it concrete you see what I'm driving at. The woman who is not interested in the Kingdom of God and its extension on earth had better step clear of the parsonage. Should she by some decree of fate get there she will be of all women the most miserable.

Another qualification is that of sympathy. Ministers as a whole are high strung. Their is nerve racking occupation. Many things in a parish go wrong and that at a most inopportune time. They fret and worry. Plans go awry, opposition to some cherished scheme makes its appearance and like Elijah the prophet the pastor is ready to sit under the juniper tree and confess failure. It is at this critical moment that an amiable and sympathetic wife proves a very precious help in time of trouble. Left to his own devices he would either shoot himself or send in his resignation, but a hot cup of tea, a piece of his favorite pie, a warm bath, a sound night's sleep and in the morning he enters his study with fresh vigor, goes on his way rejoicing for the dawn of a new day has come. And all because of the ministrations of a sympathetic helpmate.

This is a long letter, I know, but the matter is so important that as your father I should feel recalcitrant in my duty if I did not bring one or two additional matters to your attention. You say your prospective wife has pretty hair and can dress well. These are good, but they are not good enough unless accompanied by other qualifications. You did not say what sort of a housekeeper you thought she was. Is she clean, neat and capable? A chum of mine was serving in

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# Effective Churches

## II—A CHURCH WHICH CONSERVES THE PAST

North Presbyterian, Cleveland, Ohio

REV. JOHN R. SCOTFORD

What disposition shall be made of old churches? How may a young minster keep the peace with the der members of his flock? Youth is tempted to ok upon both old churches and old people as an estacle and a nuisance, to be gotten rid of in any ay possible. All of us are tempted to adopt this titude at times.

The one asset which the North Presbyterian church of Cleveland possesses is its old-time sociations. Its building is an atrocity—red ick exterior, the auditorium wide but shallow, a enormous balcony, opera chairs in place of ws. One would have a hard time conceiving a ss attractive place of worship. And yet the der folks have sung and prayed and worked in is gloomy pile until it has become sacred ground r them. The location is equally unattractive. North just missed being a down-town church— id so finds itself in a neighborhood increasingly reign, marvellously heterogeneous, utterly un- rtractive. But in spite of all this there are ople who love the neighborhood because of past sociations. The glory of North church is that e has taken these associations, which might sily be regarded as liabilities, and turned them to assets.

One needs to see North church against the rspective of its sixty-seven years of history. ver rich, it enjoyed its greatest popularity uring the twenty-seven-year pastorate of Dr. illiam Gaston from 1880 to 1907. For many ars a great afternoon Sunday School was main- ined, reaching its maximum enrollment of 1200 1895. The highest point the church membership ached was 807 in 1903. Dr. Gaston was not a ectacular preacher. His emphasis was upon the nday School and pastoral work. He attracted dinary people who were willing to work at simple sks. Because of the simple and sincere character e constituency, North church has been able remain in a neighborhood where other showier urches have either died or moved.

During the ten years following the retirement of r. Gaston in 1907 there were three pastors, each whom tried a different policy, but with little ccess. The first man tried to build up the urch by spectacular preaching. The next eavored to move it into a more fashionable ighborhood. The third enlisted the support of eveland Presbytery in work for the community out the church. The church extension com- ttee of the presbytery employed a worker to oor in the community under its direction. This vision of responsibility irritated North church hout effectively serving the community.

The present regime began with the coming of arvey E. Holt to the pastorate in March, 1918. r. Holt was a young man who had studied road on a home mission fellowship, and who had

had some experience in Italian work. Curiously the outstanding feature of the work of this young man has been his careful conservation of all the values which North church had inherited from the past.

He began by conserving the pride of the church as an organization. Obviously help was needed if North church was to minister successfully to its community; yet to simply make a "mission" or even an "aided church" out of it would be most disastrous. The relationship between church and presbytery was finally conceived in this fashion; Cleveland Presbytery with its considerable financial resources was morally obligated to carry on work in the less favored portions of the city. North church was so situated both as to location and constituency to do a needed bit of work. Therefore North church was honored by being made the agent of the presbytery in the performance of a necessary and important task. Under this arrangement the presbytery undertook to pay a certain amount of money annually into the treasury of North church. The church on its part undertook to procure the workers and direct the work. All bills have been paid by the treasurer of the church, and all workers are responsible to it. In this way the pride of the church has been maintained, and at the same time those most interested have been placed in control of the work. North church has responded in splendid fashion to this arrangement, raising more for both home expenses and benevolences than ever before in its history. The church has been stimulated rather than pauperized by its relationship to the presby- tery.

A second phase of this policy has been the con- servation of the interest of the membership in the church. The loyalty of the workers has been regarded, not only as North's greatest asset, but one which in the nature of the case could not be replaced. Great pains have been taken not to diminish in any way the sense of responsibility which the membership felt for the church. For this reason outside workers have never been imported. Old ties have never been sacrificed for the sake of seeming efficiency. The success of this policy has been built up by the most pains- taking and careful sort of pastoral work. Mr. Holt found a membership of three hundred people, widely scattered over the city. These people have been watched over and ministered to in every way. The pastor and staff have identified them- selves with the people. For seven years Mr. Holt lived in the neighborhood. The lay assistant, Mr. A. W. Bentz, became so much a part of the church that the people spontaneously elected him an elder.

The organizations of the church have been con- served in the same fashion. Any group which had

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# The "Looks" of An Audience

REV. PHILIP WENDELL CRANNELL, D.D.

Any one who habitually faces an audience soon learns to classify the faces upturned to his. Was it Gladstone who said that "what an audience gives the speaker in spray he returns to them in rain"? Alas, how often both parties in that "trade" are "dry." Dry not in the Volsteadian sense either! It is not entirely true, however, that the expressions the speaker sees are either a reflection from him or upon him. The people in the seats are not mirrors. They are personalities, positive moving forces. Of course, he who faces the same audience habitually must face also the fact that those faces that greet him are partly those he has attracted and those he has moulded, though some of them are faces that have resisted, gospel-hardened, he may say.

And what a variety!

The look the speaker dreads to see most of all is the look "*listless*," as if "My soul today is far away, Sailing the Vesuvian bay"; or "My heart's in the highlands, My heart is not here." In sheer annoyance he sometimes doubts whether there ever was any soul or heart or mind to be absent. "There goes Pat! Pat ain't the man he used to be!" "No, nor never was!"

More irritating is the *bored* look, seeming to say, in current colloquialism, "I getcha", but there isn't anything worth getting. Why do you keep bombarding us with these stale bromides?"

More intense is the *wet-blanket* look, more chill and moist. It makes the poor speaker shiver, as the sparks of his wit, wisdom, enthusiasm, fancy, impinge on that abundant non-interest, and hardly even spluttering, feebly go out.

Sometimes the *wet-blanket* look, like the *listless* and the *bored*, is simply the look *uncomprehending*. You know that what you are saying is simply "falling like water on a duck's back." You could not be farther from them if you were speaking Choctaw. Possibly they think you are. You may be comforting yourself with the reflection that the obstacle is their ignorance, but always there is the haunting suspicion that it may be your own inability to get your thought into their language. It probably is not too profound.

Sometimes the look *uncomprehending* deepens into the look *despairing*. Usually it is found on the faces of those who, unlike most hearers, are conscious of their own limitations. Ordinarily the *uncomprehending* hearer is sure the trouble is with the speaker, who has nothing to say and does not know it. He is not even as modest as Gilbert and Sullivan's hearer: "If this young man discourses in terms too deep for me, What a particularly deep young man, This deep young man must be!" But the hearer now meant is clearly trying to understand, but can't. The writer remembers one in particular, whose handicap like his own, was physical deafness. He sat directly in front, holding before him the pathetic invitation of an ear trumpet. Now and then he would give it a desperate shake as if to loosen the pos-

sibly golden particles of sound and get them to flow down the pipe into his ear. Every now and then he'd lay the thing in his lap with a look of utter despair which added nothing to the speaker's poise and power, deeply as he sympathized.

The *critical* look one can endure, even though it heightens sometimes into the look *incredulous*, *denying*, or *defying*. For there is something you can get at. You are dealing with a mind at least active, interested, if in the wrong direction. It is a bracing challenge. It stirs up all your ingenuity, will power, tact and energy. You are going to get past that, cost what it may! Henry Ward Beecher, in England during the Civil War as unofficial ambassador to arouse public sentiment in favor of the Union, is a classical instance. He faced the noisy British crowd, full of prejudices, and an egg is full of meat, intent on the inherent British privilege and pastime of "heckling" the speaker, and by and by to have them "eating out of his hand"; "there is oratory meeting its hardest problem and winning its greatest triumph. And yet, is it? What about the dead pull in the face of the *listless*, the *wet-blanket*, the *uncomprehending*. Any kite can fly in the face of the wind; it takes a "bird" indeed to mount in a calm!

All these are facial aspects which are challenges, obstacles to surmount, if you can. How different the expressions on other faces! The speaker's heart leaps up as if he "beheld a rainbow in the sky."

There is the look *intent*. You are bringing your best thought and feeling, distilling your brain's choicest essence, your heart's warmest, reddest blood. There is that blessed hearer who summons up his powers to meet you halfway, and more, if necessary! No wonder you can "get across," and have something fresh and powerful for him when it does get across! It would gain power on the way if it had had none with which to start.

Then, the look *comprehending*. He really understands you. Some people begin to nod (not in sleep) before you have your thought half out. You feel that it is part habit, part generous good nature, which is no symptom of your real success in that particular oratorical venture. But this man is really "catching on." Your points are really catching on to him. You have the blessed sense of "landing" and none of the futility felt by one who, do the best he can, is only "shadow-boxing," beating the air.

If this look does deepen into the look *assenting*, *approving*, your heart leaps into a stronger, jubilant beat. You are winning your case. Possibly that is too much to expect always. Perhaps it ought not to be won, just yet, if at all. Very likely all you have a right to, yet, is the look *hospitable*, or the look *sympathetic* (with you, thought, or you), or at least (most?) the look *expectant*. It gives hopes, any way, and will give

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# Sermon Hints from "In Memoriam"

REV. S. PAUL WEAVER

"In Memoriam is among the poems in which sermons may be found. It is the product of a life hid with Christ in God and therefore must of necessity contain many spiritual values. In Memoriam was written in 1850 by Lord Alfred Tennyson upon the death of his close and intimate friend, Arthur Hallam. The relationship between these two men was as that between Jonathan and David of old. To know this poem is to know Lord Tennyson's view of God and his interpretation of God's dealings with man under various conditions in life. One might rightly say that the poem is Tennyson's Confession of Faith.

Tennyson is a master of English as a poetic instrument and from this point also his poem and other works are worthy of careful study by the minister who would himself become a master of English in order to utter more effectively his God-given message to the world.

Tennyson is at all times quite orthodox. In common with those who accept the teachings of the New Testament, Tennyson believed that the Son of Man was the creator of all things as we see in his prelude in such phrases as, "Thou madest life . . . . Thou madest Death . . . . Thou Madest man."

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die:  
And thou hast made him; thou art just.

The prelude to In Memoriam is certainly among the most sublime of all poetry. What a variety of objects are mentioned here: the Son of God, the Father of God, Faith, Christ as Creator and Sustainer, Death, Life, Knowledge, Trust, Reverence, Mind and Soul, Forgiveness, God's Wisdom, Christ as Lord, the Resurrection and others of equal importance. The voice is that of one who knew his Lord and Master.

There are questions which the author cannot answer but this does not cause him to despair. Tennyson learned the lesson which every man must learn before he progresses very far in things spiritual, namely, that true religion is in the realm of faith and not in the realm of knowledge. Tennyson believed with the Apostle John that in the beginning was the Word and that the Word was God."

O, if indeed that eye foresee  
Or see (in Him is no before)

In more of life true life no more,  
And Love the indifference to be.

Then might I find, ere yet the morn  
Breaks hither over Indian seas,  
That Shadow waiting with the keys,  
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

We live *in a world of sin* and need to be on the alert that we do not fail.

It is natural that in as much as the poem deals with the question arising in the author's own mind over the death of his dearest earthly friend that Death would be dealt with more than any other question. Tennyson raises the question why in spite of prayer the loved one will be taken. Why is it that while the mother prays for her sailor son his ship goes down? Tennyson cannot answer. He cannot understand why those we love must be taken at what seems to us such untimely seasons. But in triumphant notes he sings:

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

It is not given man to look in upon the secrets and mysteries of death. Speaking of Lazarus being raised from the dead he asks, "Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"

Behold a man raised up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;  
He told it not; or something seal'd  
The lips of that Evangelist.

"That life shall live forever," was the comfort of his heart in the death of his friend.

My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is.

The above lines cause one to think of the Apostle Paul's words, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, then are we of all creatures most miserable." If there is no life beyond the grave:

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

In another part of the poem he again enlarges on life after death by saying:

Nor blame I Death, because he bare  
The use of virtue out of earth:  
I know transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

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## EDITORIAL

## OUR COVER PICTURE

Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been given by Mr. E. W. Wayland for the erection, in Oklahoma, of a giant statue of The Pioneer Mother. Twelve models have been submitted in competition, and are on exhibition in the Reinhardt Galleries in New York city. The cover picture is that of a model submitted by Bryant Baker, and is one of the twelve receiving frank and merited praise.

## OUR "DARLING OF PROMISE"

Chelsa Sherlock says, in one of his comfortably, homey editorials, "The saddest thing in all this business of living is a soul out of which has gone that darling of promise, Hope," which implies an occasional exception to the old adage, "Where there is life, there is hope." I can recall in a dim, hazy sort of way, some of the admonitions handed down to us by Prexy, from the chapel lecturn. I recall an isolated term, snatched here and there from our science classes, but not their proper settings. I recall somewhat of the flights of an able "lit" professor, a lover of Elizabeth Barrett, although I blush when I must admit to myself that "iambic pentameter" and "a priori" have become little more than the scars of a disease to which I was exposed in my youth and which time threatens effectually to eliminate. I shall never forget, however, the impression made upon my mind, by one of the upper classmen, who had evidently settled all matters once and for all when he said, "What's the use? You have nothing to do with your being here. You are simply thrown into the pot to scramble for yourself. Nor do you have any say as to what lies ahead. Your way is charted by a Fate over which you have no slightest influence." It staggered me at the time as it does now. He had absorbed no such philosophy in the class room of that school. Those of you who knew Prexy Blanchard of Wheaton, will understand that. Where he got it I don't know, nor was I interested particularly in its source. The thing that came to me instantly was that with such a view on life, there could be no hope. Take hope from me, hope for this life and hope for the next, and I willingly quit. It is the eternal springs of hope that actuate the eternal springs of human accomplishment and high aim. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren—even as others which have no hope," still sounds down through the ages and portrays hopelessness as a matter of ignorance to which we may add Sherlock's modifier, in its superlative form. Hopelessness is the saddest of ignorance, for it deprives one of the full joys of life today and life tomorrow. I take it, little that a minister may do bears so rich rewards as his substituting, in the hearts of men, joyful hope for saddest ignorance.—JmR

## RIDERS OF THE DARK

We are night-riders after a harmless fashion. To squeeze one fleeting day of reinspiration and

refreshment into an already full program sometimes means the necessity of an all-night drive, get into the woods and hills and an all-night rest to get back after a day of climbing and delirious inbreathing of mountain air and beauty. Through the night the purr of our smooth engine and the song of balloons on concrete. Long after the more normally inclined motor is lost, deep, garagial slumber, ours keeps singing its soothing nocturnal lay. The hours slip rapidly by with ten night miles, leaving us in their passing a highway increasingly our own. Signs of life diminish in number. The lights of oncoming fellow travelers become widely separated. The little darksoot towns through which we roll become weirdly cold and still. Uncanny shadows disport themselves about, with the swinging of spitting arcs at unfamiliar street intersections. Deaf, throaty, guttural protests are hurled at us by frogs from the marshy ditch along the side of the road. A rabbit, startled by our approach, takes off straight down the road in our path of light to dodge suddenly into a friendly thicket and is gone. Away off there over the hills a light throbs itself across the skyline. Hardly the same as the light of a turning car. We go sliding easily down a winding ribbon of concrete, cross a loose-plank bridge that fills the little valley with a host of unholy echoes. We top the rise in time to be swept again by the penetrating beam of the light. On we roll. Again and again the light flashes across our path with weird regularity. With a sweep, as of a spoke in a gigantic wheel, the night light swings. We pass it. We leave it far behind as we are carried farther into the hills. The light again over the hilltops ahead, flashes another light in its continuous sweep of the night horizon. We pass it and leave it flashing over the tree tops behind. We drop into a valley, bottomed by a stream babbling there to itself in the darkness. We climb to another ridge and there, on ahead, another light, and so on through dark hours. Sometimes when we are carried in other directions we miss the flashing, yet occasionally, away from our right, we see the dim distant flare in the ceaseless circuit, always shining, always guiding, cautioning, warning, directing, leading, the night mariners of the air, and pointing with unmistakable finger, the one safe way into port. It takes no unusual stretch of imagination to be moved by these watchers of the way, into meditation. I find myself wondering, often, as we slip through the night if those fellows up there overhead recollect words that may have been imbedded in the child minds as they were in mine, "I am the way, the truth, the light. No man goeth unto the Father but by me." The night may have thousands of eyes. I know not. Were it so it could see nothing whose deliberate purpose, whose end purpose could be more cheering, more assuring, more comforting to the wayfarer than the flashing beacons, and they say, not only to the flier overhead, but to the more humble and hesitant traveler below, and say with One who blazed



ay in times that are long gone, "This is the way. Talk ye in it."—*JmR*

### BEAUTIFUL, BUT—

It was a most beautiful wedding. A solid bank living green stabbed sharply here and there with graceful blossoms of slender Easter-lilies, clustered delightfully the little white rose-covered altar and the white rose-cushion upon which the happy pair were to kneel when the words pronouncing them wedded man and wife could be uttered by the officiating clergyman.

A sweet-mouthed orchestra, hidden behind huge walls of stately palms and lacy ferns, in soft-whispered tones that one could scarcely hear first took up the opening strains of the Wedding march and down the long, ribbon-lined aisle, with deliberate and measured tread, the wedding party started. A hush fell over the large assembly. At a sound save sweet melody from behind the palms and ferns and the sibilant whispering of silks and satins. It was an occasion of striking solemnity which increased as the party, preceded by a little flower-strewing and satin-outfitted mites, drew slowly closer to the man waiting at the altar with Bible in hand.

Finally the last lagging step had been taken. The party, grouped there in that green bower created by the minister presented a picture long to be remembered. It was most apparent that no suspense had been withheld in preparation for the event. The music had died down so gradually that few realized it was gone until the deep, resonant voice of the minister opened the service with the usual "In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost," which precedes the solemn and sacred words of the Christian marriage service.

The service was much longer than any to which I had listened. The double ring service was employed. The bride and groom took a responsive part of unusual length and repeated, first one and then the other, long sections of the service, following the reading of the minister. Finally, over my head before which I sat, came the words, "I now pronounce you man and wife" and the "Amen" which I presume followed, was drowned in such a burst of applause as one expects when Casey rocks a homer and brings in the winning run in the last of the ninth.

Most unusual it was and in spite of a somewhat lengthy preceremonial statement as to the sanctity and sacredness of the marriage relation and the solemnity of the service about to take place, several thousand morbidly-inclined pleasure seekers had accepted the wedding as a most fitting prologue to a show in which the playwright succeeded in meeting the popular demand of his prospective audience and produced for them a picture which scoffed not only at marriage but the sacredness of the family relation.

Barnum was pathetically simple in his method. Nothing is too holy, too sacred, too sublime, to be used as a teaser in this day of theater methods. Nothing will ever be, so long as the theater-going public clamors for it and pays well for it. There

is nothing inherently wrong in a theater. It need not be vile. It need not be sacrilegious. It need not be indecent. The shame lies in the manner in which our present-day showmen are eager to violate even the sublime and sacred that their coffers may be filled. That an ordained clergyman should so far forget his responsibility to his people and to believers at large as to take part in such a prostitution of Christian relations, even for a consideration, is unspeakable. Between the old puritanical view of sacred things and that modern slipshod and unconcerned disregard for divinely ordained ordinances, there must be a happy and wholesome medium, in lieu of which we do well, by ourselves, our calling, and our cause, to return to our fathers.—*JmR*

### COLD STORAGE EGGS

Every man should have a hobby and ride it. I have heard that statement made, and not only believe it but practice it. I have one in which a slight indulgence has furnished me with hours of pleasure, mostly evening hours, in which I have learned not only interesting habits of tiny finny creatures but have seen in them parallels of human traits and character. I have a pair of Jewel fish. Their scientific appellation is out of all proportion with their tiny, scintillating bodies. Suffice to say that a ever-changing display of opalescence makes them a delight to the eye. My pair had spawned on the inside of a small flower pot when I first saw them and as an added incentive to my purchase, a wise salesman offered the pair of fish plus the pot and eggs at the regular price of a pair of fish. I took them. In a can, carefully insulated against outside chill, for tropical fish must have tropical temperature for their water, I rushed them home, tempered the water in a small aquarium in which were growing various oxygenating plants, and set the happy couple up in their new home. The pot with the eggs I placed about as they had been in their former location. But something had happened. If the eggs had not been fatally chilled, fish ardor for housekeeping and family raising had been. The erstwhile expectant parents avoided the promised nursery as though it were the plague and I presume that to this day there is a perfectly good batch of Jewel fish eggs in that little crock, surprised and chagrined at the utter indifference toward them evidenced by those responsible for them. It is ever thus. Outside interference has always had a disconcerting way about it which has defeated progress and turned whole-hearted concern into cold indifference. If you have work to do, do it. Do it your way, and permit no chilling interference or the task can never reach successful completion. That is the first lesson my little friends have taught me. The other is much like it but from the other side of the fence. Encourage others in their undertakings and watch both them and their work blossom gloriously. Little is so conducive to good work, well done, as merited and unstinted cheering from the side lines. I have known of chilled eggs even in an ecclesiastical flower pot.—*JmR*



## The Word Became Flesh

(Continued from page 936)

use of the "amen" which is the signal for the soloist to sing the second stanza; this is, in turn, followed by the Lord's prayer.

At the close of the prayer the preacher led the congregation in repeating the twenty-third psalm, with the house still in darkness. Then he commented on the fact that the shepherd had been out all night on the mountainside "until the morning was breaking" hunting for his sheep. The parable was read and meanwhile the spotlight fell in purple upon the bible, the girls in white slowly opened the door and there, under the beautiful light the audience caught the glimpse of the shepherd still hunting for his sheep.

### Music and Singing

As soon as the "Bible" was fully opened, the tenor soloist began singing with great feeling "The Ninety and Nine," according to the old gospel tune. At the close of the first stanza the organ and soloist were both silent for some five or six seconds and then a flute, very faintly, played the first few measures of the Pastoral Symphony from "The Messiah." As he played the shepherd moved his fingers on his pipe as if he were playing. Since the flute was out of sight, the audience believed the shepherd was actually playing. After a considerable pause the voice began singing again and was followed the second time with the flute.

The whole picture was so real and graphic that scores of people in the audience sobbed audibly. The evangelistic sermon and appeal that followed was productive of splendid results for preaching was almost un-necessary after the people had seen the good shepherd hunting for his sheep.

Music for such a series is plentiful. "The Penitent" by Van De Water, was used in connection with "The Prodigal Son;" "Was That Somebody You" was used with the "Good Samaritan;" "Two men went up into the temple to pray," by Van De Water, for the "Pharisee and Publican," etc.

### Lighting

The Sower was lighted with red and amber; The Prodigal Son, with amber; The Rich Man and Lazarus, with white, also the Pharisee and Publican; The Good Samaritan was lighted with red; The Lost Sheep, with blue. Eight fifty-watt lamps above, and eight more below, were used in addition to the spotlight. In using color one cannot get too much light on the pictures.

### Attendance

The success of the idea was instantaneous. Although we can seat 1,700 people, we turned five hundred away the first Sunday night. When I went into the pulpit the second Sunday evening I found every seat filled and more than two hundred people standing and the ushers estimated that at least six hundred had gone away unable to get in. Therefore, without consulting with my Official Board, my associate pastor or anyone except my choir master, I announced that the following Sunday we would hold a service at 4:30 in the after-

noon which would be a duplicate of the last service at 7:45 with the same music, sermon and picture.

The next Sunday afternoon saw over a thousand people in the afternoon service and every seat filled again at night. The afternoon audience continued to grow until it overflowed the auditorium and on several occasions hundreds have been turned away from each service. The afternoon service has become a fixed feature of our program and will be continued throughout the entire winter next year.

### Other Subjects

A variety of uses can be made of this idea. A series of Old Testament scenes can be used such as Ruth and Naomi, David and Jonathan, David and Goliath, etc. A St. Paul friend of mine borrowed our equipment, used a series in the city and almost duplicated our success. Other ministers in the northwest have borrowed the idea and it has made a deep impression. A grown women's Bible club adjourned their regular session and met with us so that they might see three of the parables especially presented for them.

Perhaps one of the most significant evidences of interest was the large number of young people who attended the services regularly. A series of scenes from "Pilgrim's Progress" is to be used in the fall of 1927, which, I believe, will be as effective as the series just described.

### Cost

The cost of the series, including costumes, lights, special scenery, Bible, etc., was about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, though it could be done much more cheaply if local artists would prepare the scenery and the actors would make ready their own costumes. The expenses, in one case, were considerably more than paid by the loose collections which averaged two hundred and sixty-eight dollars per Sunday for the three services.

## The Preacher Poet

(Continued from page 937)

What a beautiful Symphonic Theme that is for any preacher to sing into the hearts of his congregation!

One day two neighbors called on the cobbler and found him decorating his meager shop with bouquets of green which he had gathered from nearby trees. His face was shining. He was gloriously happy. His friends wondered what was afoot that should make this poor cobbler so joyous. He told them in these beautiful words:

### He Has a Vision

"Old friends, good news! At dawn today,  
As the cocks were scaring the night away,  
The Lord appeared in a dream to me,  
And said, 'I am coming, your Guest to be!'  
So I've been busy with feet astir,  
Strewing the floor with branches of fir.  
The wall is washed and the shelf is shined,  
And over the rafter the holly twined.  
He comes today, and the table is spread  
With milk and honey and wheaten bread."



It is a beautiful waiting for the old cobbler. His friends go home and leave him alone. He is wistful and hopeful. The dream is very real to him. He waits with eager, expectant face:

### He Waits for Christ's Coming

"His friend went home; and his face grew still  
As he watched for the shadow across the sill.  
He lived all the moments o'er and o'er,  
When the Lord should enter his lowly door —  
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,  
The lighted face, the offered cup.  
He would wash the feet where the spikes had  
been:  
He would kiss the hands where the nails went  
in;  
And then at the last would sit with Him  
And break the bread as the day grew dim."

Where can you find a more tender picture of a Christian heart wistfully waiting for the coming of his Lord than that?

He waited and while he waited a beggar came by, drenched by the driving rain:

"He called him in from the lonely street  
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet."

After the beggar came an old, weary woman, carrying a load of faggots for some fire not her own:

"He gave her his loaf and steadied her load  
As she took her way on the weary road."

Third came a little child, lost from its mother, crying piteously. He had given the beggar shoes, he had given the crone the bread he was saving for the Great Guest. Now he was to give the lost child the milk that he was saving to give to Christ:

". . . Catching it up  
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup  
And led it home to its mother's arms  
Out of the reach of the world's alarms."

Evening came and Conrad, the Cobbler, waited with anxious wistfulness for his expected Guest, but the guest did not come. He grew more wistful as the shadows of night came down, and the stars came out. Maybe, after all, he was mistaken and Christ was not to come. Maybe it was a hallucination — that dream and vision he had — that Christ was to visit his lowly shop:

"The day went down in the crimson west  
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest,  
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:  
'Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?  
Did you forget that this was the day?'  
Then soft in the silence a voice he heard:  
'Lift up your heart, for I kept my word.  
Three times I came to your friendly door;  
Three times my shadow was on your floor.  
I was the beggar with bruised feet:  
I was the woman you gave to eat:  
I was the child on the homeless street!' "

What a magnificent putting of the Christian spirit that poem is! How it sums up the spirit of the Christ! What a supreme message it is and how beautifully and dramatically it may be gotten over to an audience through the singing of this Poet-Preacher.

Let us preachers celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of this Comrade Brother of ours; let us honor him; by preaching in our pulpits through the mediums of his Christian poetry, the great spiritual truths. Let us honor him; and in so doing honor ourselves and honor our God!

### The Looks of An Audience

(Continued from page 946)

you a "fair show" at least 'till your fair show proves justified or no.

What looks those were on the faces in Cornelius' house! "Now therefore we are all here present in the sight of God to hear all things that have been commanded thee of God!" Not all speakers any of the time, nor any speaker all of the time can expect just that, but if something like this is justified by the speaker's knowledge, spirit, closeness to God, what speaking it would stimulate!

The speaker often misreads the faces before him. Physical nearsightedness and nerve strain often misrepresent real inner attitudes. Temperaments differ. Facial tricks and habits abound. But what a responsibility rests on those who hear, that God's messengers of truth shall see in their faces what shall help them to their best, and speed their messages unhindered, made mighty, to the souls of men! There is an art of outward attention, as essential and as obligatory upon the hearer as ever the art of expression could be upon the speaker.

And fellow *clerus*, "*de te*," without any "change of name," "*fabula* (no fable, but dead-earnest truth) *narratur*." If any man on earth ought to show people how to listen by the way he does it, it is the man who wants people to listen as he thinks they should to him. No one more fully illustrates the work of the conventional professor of Homiletics than he who "*tells* his students how they ought to preach, and then *shows* them how they ought not to." Face any ministerial audience. What choice specimens greet you! It is a pity ministers cannot carry vanity cases and examine and adjust their faces as some others do. Come now! The look *listless*, *bored*, *wet-blanket*, *critical*, *incredulous*, *denying*, *defying*, *intent*, *comprehending*, *assenting*, *approving*, *hospitable*, *sympathetic*, *expectant*, which is yours? Or is it the look *superior*, or the look *partisanicus*, or the look *theologic odissus*, or is it always, whatever other phases flavor it, the look *fraternal*?

Be it only a kiss and a loving greeting—a letter that assures her you have not forgotten—or flowers reverently dedicated to the memory of the one who awaits you with loving arms in the paradise God has prepared for Mothers—let your heart speak.



# Methods of Church Work

## MAY, 1927

Church activities for the month of May.  
 Mother's Day, May 8.  
 Ascension Day, May 26.  
 Memorial Day, May 30.  
 Gold Star Mothers.  
 Memorial Services for Heroes in Family and Industrial Life.  
 Mothers' and Daughters' Banquet.  
 Fathers' Day.  
 Parochial Missions (Revival Services).  
 Vacation Bible Schools, Preparation.  
 Advertising for summer camps.  
 Pledges Revived and Money for the Church.  
 Confirmation services.  
 Preparation for Children's Day.  
 Invitations to Parents for Infant Baptisms in June.  
 Beethoven Service.  
 May Parties.

## MOTHERS' DAY

Pastors plan the observance of this day to conform to the general plan of work and worship for the month of May. Some programs announce the formal morning service devoted to celebrating the day, while others plan a special meeting in the evening. Many pastors who have organized the work of the church so that the evening services are sponsored by certain groups, will find it well to turn this meeting over to the young people's group. Every detail of the service should be carefully planned, decorations, hymns, special music, invitations, souvenirs, flowers for the mothers who attend, object for special offerings, transportation for aged mothers who have no one to bring them.

## FLOWERS FOR DECORATION

The committee who cares for this part of the day will have ideas for this special day. In case you need additional help by way of gifts for flowers, announce in your program several weeks prior to Mothers' Day that donations in money for flowers will be acceptable. The donation may be made in honor of a mother who will be present at the service, or in loving memory of a departed mother. In some instances, the donor will prefer to choose the flowers, particularly where the honored mother has a special fondness for one kind of flower. This tendency should be encouraged, because it will give each one so interested a personal share in the undertaking. Each gift of flowers should bear the name of the donor as well as the object of the gift. Some pastors print these names in alphabetical order on the program for the day, or the following Sunday.

## HYMNS AND SPECIAL MUSIC

Hymns for this service should be selected to bring out the theme of the sermon selected by the pastor. Also, they should be familiar to all present, so that aged persons present will take part in singing. The pastor and organist have the opportunity of creating the desired atmosphere and receptive attitude for the Gospel message of the day, merely through the wise selection of hymns and music. If there is talent available, it is well to have some special solo numbers.

## INVITATIONS

Every alert pastor gets the announcement of this service into the local papers several weeks before the event. There should be a letter or card sent to every member of the church, and every mother in the community who is interested in attending should receive a personal invitation delivered to her by someone connected with the church. If you have a Boy Scout troupe, the members will be delighted to deliver the special invitations to the mothers.

The invitations should be in good taste, well printed on good paper. There are many companies like the Meigs Publishing Company, Woolverton Printing, Goodenough and Woglom, and Wm. H. Dietz, who will be glad to send you samples of stock cards for your selection.

Money for the purchase of these cards should be provided by the Men's Club, or the Young People's clubs. The amount you will receive for purchasing the invitations will depend largely upon your presentation of the plan. Make the group see the privilege extended to them, and you will have money to spare.

The Mothers will feel particularly honored if the invitations are brought to them by boys over 12 years, or even grown men.

## SOUVENIRS

Many pastors provide special cards with appropriate verse in honor of Motherhood, bearing the name of the church, pastor, and the date. These are clearly marked "Souvenir of The Mothers' Day Service." If this does not agree with your plan, the regular weekly program may be arranged to carry appropriate quotations and good illustrations.

Somehow, some group in the church should make it their special pleasure to provide a cut flower, carnation or rose, for every mother who attends the service. Young women may stand at the door of the church with these flowers, and hand one to each mother as she enters. This may require special effort, especially if there is not a



florist in your locality, but the light in the eyes of the mothers will more than repay those who provide the blooms.

### OBJECTS FOR SPECIAL OFFERINGS

One program before me carries this paragraph, "There is a widowed mother of five children that your minister can tell you about, if you would like to make a special offering on Mothers' Day in memory of your own mother."

Another program says, "In honor of the mother who is present today, you will have the privilege of bringing happiness to the mothers of others who are living in the Home for Aged Mothers in our town. A committee of men from our church will buy flowers, some good things to eat, and a new lawn swing for the Aged Mothers, with the money you give for that purpose today. This is *applied Christianity*. Let's all have a share in it."

This appeal is a touching one, and we might add, "Let every member of this church who gives toward this project follow up the good deed with a better one, Go to see these mothers in person, and let them know you value them and what they have done for your community."

### THE EXTRA SEAT IN THE CAR

Have someone canvass the community, and find out how many mothers there are who have no way of getting to the church services, unless they walk. When you have the number, names and addresses, you are ready for the appeal to those who own machines to see that these mothers are brought to the services in comfort, and again taken to their homes. One or two active men in the congregation will be glad to assign the names and addresses to those of their fellows who live near. Why not include in this scheme transportation for women who are living in the homes for the aged?

### ASCENSION DAY

Hundreds of church programs announce the observance of this day on the Sunday nearest its date. This is a rare opportunity for the pastor to teach the lesson of hope fulfilled according to the promise in the words of Christ. This day marks the consummation of Christ's promise to redeem his beloved on earth. It is a link in the chain of events leading up to the fulfillment of the promise, and will keep the pre-Easter spirit alive in your church people.

### MEMORIAL DAY

This day is primarily set aside as a National Holiday to give opportunity for reviving the memory of heroism and sacrifice of those who gave their lives for their country. It is customary in most communities to plan for a public gathering. Alert pastors are usually the leaders in formulating these plans, and have the opportunity of arranging the program with a Christian point of view. Secure speakers who will not hesitate to deliver a message in the spirit of Christ.

The guests of honor on this day were for many years the survivors of the Civil War, but the ranks

are now replenished with survivors of the last war. These young men, reticent about the incomprehensible sacrifice they have made for us, and, generally speaking, made aware of the thoughtlessness and selfishness of humankind in that we have seemingly forgotten their gallant heroism, are a challenge to us to offer them the tribute which they deserve.

### GOLD STAR MOTHERS

The program for Memorial Day will, of course, include fitting tribute to the heroic mothers who belong to this vast army who were bereft of their *men-children* during the last conflict. There is a national league of Gold Star Mothers, and you will secure help in planning your program through this organization. Any Gold Star Mother in your locality will have the address of the national headquarters, and know how to secure help. Some pastors devote a special Sunday morning service to the honor of these mothers, and print every name on the role in the community on the program.

### HEROES IN FAMILY AND INDUSTRIAL LIFE

Men and women in every community have made and are making heroic effort to discharge their duties in a Christian way. Mothers who have taught the right way to sons and daughters against great odds; Widows who have reared families by earning a living for them and sending them out into the world to do their share; men who lost their lives in some hazardous undertaking for the good of the community; men who are engaged in dangerous work day by day in order to make the rest of us more comfortable. Enumerate many instances like these. They deserve our love and devotion in as great measure as those who give their lives in time of war.

### MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' BANQUET

Rev. Carman, of Galesburg, Illinois, reports the attendance of 280 mothers and daughters at their banquet last May. The men of the church planned the banquet, decorated the hall, and served the meal. The three-course dinner was planned and served without the suggestion or help of a woman, and after the banquet the men provided entertainment by way of music, stunts, and speeches.

Rev. Hezlep, of the Knox Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, writes of a Mother and Daughter meeting planned by the young people of the church.

Rev. Wilhide, Methodist Church, Neligh, Nebraska, says the men of his church planned and served their banquet on this occasion. A part of the entertainment was a playlet presented by the young people's league, called "Mother Mine."

Another program announces the program as a "Spring Breeze" from "Gratitude Land," another "The Halo" from "Fellowship Land."

### FATHERS' DAY

Many good citizens, particularly the daughters, are anxious to show "dear old Dad" that he is appreciated and loved quite as much for the part



he plays in family life as Mother is. Some pastors combine the two ideas, Mothers' Day and Fathers' Day, and give a part of the program to each. Other pastors permit the young women of the church to have their way, and the result is a rousing good dinner and lots of fun for the "Dads." Sentiment is likely to run high at a time like this, and it is wise to plan a comedy skit as a part of the program. Some praise and lauding of the "Dads" is in order, but as a general thing men prefer a hearty laugh at their own or their neighbor's expense, to a long drawn out sentimental program. The printed programs may carry a goodly sprinkling of verse with proper sentiment, and the songs provide the rest. Have some of your young people make up a farce about some incident in the family life of a prominent man in the group, and have the young group enact it.

### PAROCHIAL MISSIONS

An interesting name for the old time "Revival," and one that will create immediate response. The theme for one of these Missions was, "The Home, Church, and School." Speakers were invited to talk on subjects assigned to them, and many of the talks were given by members of the church, rather than outside speakers. The success of this angle depends upon the attitude of the pastor and his people. In some instances, folks prefer to hear someone not known to them, while others like the home-made speech. Topics for the week were, Homes' Day, Mothers' Day, Family Day, Church Day, Fellowship Day; topics for discussions were, The Influence of the Home Upon the Community, The Race between the Home and the School, Co-operation in the Home, Home Nite Idea, The Family Pew.

Rev. Chas. E. Cruseo, Aquasco, Maryland, reports such a mission from May 2 to May 9, with a formal meeting each morning, and an informal meeting each evening. A returned missionary was the most prominent speaker, and the program appears to be a most promising one.

### VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

Pastors everywhere are working out plans for Vacation Bible Schools to begin with the close of the public schools. Competent teachers are needed to make the work a success. Pastors of churches in St. Louis have organized a teachers' training course, which will be in session the first four Monday evenings in May, under the direction of the St. Louis Church Federation.

This plan may be worked out by any group of churches, or any one church. Announcements of the training school and the Vacation School should appear regularly, so that all members will have it in mind when the opening occurs.

### SUMMER CAMPS

Successful Summer Camps for Boys, Girls, Men and Business Organizations will depend largely on the amount and time of preparation. All camp plans and residence take money, and it is imperative that all persons planning to go save

money to finance their share. Announcement of the plans at an early date, how much the cost per person will be, what equipment is required, what the program will be, will help to arouse interest and get the plan under way.

### PLEDGES REVIVED

Third Baptist Church, St. Louis, celebrates a "Round-up Sunday" when all pledges are brought up to date, all bills for the quarter cleared up, and new resolutions made for the coming three months. Another church announces a "Fellowship Sunday" when everyone who has pledged to support the church is invited to attend service, and if not up to date in payments to bring the amount on that date. After the service a Fellowship dinner is a part of the program. The pastor officiates as the head waiter, until things are under way, and after the dinner announcements are made regarding the status of the budget. It is well to allow the treasurer to make these announcements.

### CONFIRMATION SERVICES

A number of church bulletins announce a special Confirmation Service when young people who have been instructed in the duties of church membership are formally received into church membership. This service should be one of solemn atmosphere, and one in which the young people concerned may have an important part. The pastor has carried on the work of instruction so he enjoys the esteem of the young people, and he can impress upon the older members of the church the necessity for cordial good will among the members and the support of projects undertaken by the young people. Some pastors provide a responsive part in the service for those to be received, and provide them with a certificate of membership after the service.

### PLANS FOR CHILDREN'S DAY

Much field work is necessary before plans for Children's Day can be formed. Pastors are now making formal announcements in church bulletins and from the platform in the Sunday School, that any children in the community who do not attend Sunday School anywhere should be visited by teachers and pastor. The names and addresses may be written on cards and placed in the offering plate or handed to Sunday School teachers. These names and addresses may be assigned to someone living near to the address, or the pastor may choose to call. The Sunday School should be in readiness, so that promotions may be made at the formal service on Children's Day.

Some pastors have promotion certificates for each child, which are distributed at the formal service. The names and class promotion, and attendance record may well appear on the certificates.

Well-worded announcements in the local papers and direct by mail cards or letters will win the interest and good will of many persons in the locality who will attend the service. All of this requires much time and careful planning.



### INFANT BAPTISMS

Churches which make a practice of infant baptism find it to their advantage to issue invitations to all parents in the church membership to attend the service planned for Children's Day in June, and plan to take part in the special service of baptism. One pastor advertises this as "The Baby Church." The invitations should be printed in good taste on good paper, as many parents place them in the "Baby Books" and keep them for years.

### A MUSICAL SERVICE

Three announcements have come within a few days announcing a "Beethoven Service" for Sunday evening. All the talent available is enlisted to make the service a success, and events

in the life of the musician are given by young people of the congregation. Music and information for such a service may be secured from the G. Schirmer Company. Decorations and lighting should be planned to harmonize with the whole scheme.

### MAY PARTIES

The men's club, as well as other organizations of the church, suspend meetings during the summer months, and it is well to end the work of the year with a social gathering of some kind. The Sunday School classes will delight in outdoor frolics, picnics, May breakfasts, fishing parties. Some Sunday School teachers plan with their classes to have every member hand a May-basket to some other member of the class.

## For Your Church Bulletins

### ORIGIN OF MOTHERS' DAY

Miss Anna Jarvis, Philadelphia, is said to be the young woman to whom the nation owes the inauguration of "Mothers' Day." The death of her mother caused the devoted daughter to set aside one day in each year consecrated to the memory of the one she loved. Miss Jarvis, believing that nearly all who had lost a mother felt as deeply grieved as herself, began a nationwide movement to have the day observed. Little by little her efforts grew until now the observance is national and international.

The second Sunday in May is Mothers' Day. It is true that much sickly sentimentality is brought into pulpits on Mothers' Day and it is gratefully utilized by many preachers as an aid to cover up the spiritual barrenness due the abandonment of the old Gospel. On the other hand, it is not out of harmony with the Church's program to draw attention to the high prerogatives and exalted responsibilities with which the Almighty God has entrusted Christian mothers and to the duties imposed upon children toward their mothers by the fourth commandment. We are living in an age in which parents are woefully neglectful of their parental duties and in which children are almost universally irreverent and disrespectful towards their parents. It is, therefore, not amiss to set aside a Sunday on which we meditate on what God in His Word has to say on an important subject. In all soberness, without sentimental gush, a Lutheran Church may well celebrate Mothers' Day. In this spirit it will be observed in Redeemer Church.—*The Redeemer Record, St. Paul.*

### MOTHER

M—Is for Mother with all of her cares,  
O—For the Others helped by her prayers.  
T—For the Tears she shed for us too,  
H—Is the Hope and the joy that she knew.  
E—Is the Eternal faith in her God,  
R—For the Road that the "Master" has trod.  
Put them together they spell "Mother" you see,  
A Mother to love throughout eternity.  
—C. Earle Rebstock, Jersey Shore, Pa.

### GREAT MOTHERS

Great men owe much to heredity and environment, but they owe most, perhaps, to spiritual impacts received, almost unconsciously, in early years. Most of all, they are usually life-debtors to the influence in their earliest years of a strong, womanly mother. Olive Schreiner went so far as to claim there never was a great man who had not a great mother. At all events Jowett went through life chanting the praises of his mother. To the end of her life she was the object of his solicitous care. He never wearied of acknowledging the immensity of his indebtedness to her. "At my mother's knee," he said once, "I gained my sweetest aspirations." To a friend who once asked him whence came his bent for felicitious illustration. He replied, "From my mother. It was she who taught me to see—she taught me to see things, and the things within things."—*Rev. John Henry Jowett from Church Chimes.*

NOT what We Gain  
BUT  
WHAT  
WE  
GIVE  
Measures the worth  
OF  
THE  
LIFE  
WE  
LIVE.  
—Selected.

### MOTHERS' DAY

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love fixed into permanent outline forever?—*T. W. Higginson.*

When God thought of mother, he must have laughed with satisfaction, and framed it quickly—so rich, so deep, so divine, so full of soul, power and beauty was the conception.—*H. W. Beecher.*

It is generally admitted and very frequently proved, that virtue and genius, and all the natural good qualities which men possess, are derived from their mothers.—*Hook.*



Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!  
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!

—Mrs. Norton.

### RULES OF RIGHT LIVING

Help the weak if you are strong;  
Love the old if you are young;  
Own a fault if you are wrong;  
If you are angry, hold your tongue.

—Church Messenger, Philipsburg, Pa.

### TO FATHER

Underneath a rough exterior  
There I found a heart of gold:  
Often stern and yet so tender,  
Is the memory I hold.  
Not too prone to show emotion,  
Not too late to set aright,  
When my wandering feet misled me  
Or my judgment failed me quite.

But I knew he always loved us  
Toiled and wore his life away:  
To provide to make us happy  
Gave himself, his best each day.  
Tho uncrowned with fame or glory  
As the world would echo fame,  
In the book of my immortals  
On page one is Father's name.

—By One of the Boys.

You are cordially invited to attend our Fathers'  
Day Services next Sunday Morning.

—From Woolvorton Printing Co.

### TO OUR AGED FRIENDS

What heart has not been thrilled as he has  
beheld the veteran in his tattered blue uniform  
march to the tune of the fife and drum? Or, who

has held back the tears as the gallant buddies  
have marched past proudly following the Stars  
and Stripes? But, today we have come to honor  
not those who have listened to the cannon roar  
and walked amidst the rifle shot, but we come  
bring honor to those who have been holding the  
front line trenches in the battle with sin—the  
veterans in the war of wars.

We are proud today to be able to welcome the  
old warriors of the cross. Our hearts are thrilled  
as we behold your hoary heads which are, indeed,  
crowns of glory. Today our hats are off and we  
stand at attention in honor of you who through  
your prayers, labors and tears have made this  
place possible. We realize how you must have  
labored as now and then a tear fell upon your  
cheeks as your prayers fell before the throne.  
But, many of you have laid the armor aside and  
stepped out of the front line. The cry has gone  
forth for youthful volunteers. We step forth, O  
youths, with an unsteady step for fear that we  
shall not be able to carry on as you have done.

As long as God shall give you breath you shall  
be the pillars of the church. To you we shall  
needs go for advice. Your words of comfort have  
cheered us on and your prayers have removed the  
mountains which have loomed in our way.

We covet your prayers; we covet your friendly  
advice and your golden fellowship. May many  
more years be added to the three score and ten.  
As you look back over the years of battle may the  
words of the Master ring in your heart, "Well  
done thou good and faithful servant." May the  
words of Paul when he said, "I have fought a good  
fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the  
faith," be your words and comfort today.—Rev.  
J. M. Fleming, Avoca, Ia.

## Advertising the Church

The Advertising Club of Oakland, California, held a meeting devoted to Church Advertising a week ago Tuesday. With the thought that advertising clubs in other cities might be induced to take up the subject of better church copy, I am sending you a summary of the meeting as printed in the bulletin of the Oakland Ad Club.—Morton J. A. MacDonald.

### Church Advertising Day Was Unqualified Success

An unusually large number of Ad Clubbers and guests attended Church Advertising Day last Tuesday. Representing the clergymen of Oakland was Dr. Clarence Reed, who gave an exceedingly interesting and constructive talk, setting forth his own experiences in church advertising.

He told, not only what he had found to be unsuccessful advertising, but what, from his own knowledge, was proving to be extremely successful in putting across the advertising story.

Following Dr. Reed was Ed Lyon, who spoke of church advertising from the point of view of the layman. Mr. Lyon has a background of twenty years of active experience in affairs dealing with church advertising, both in Los Angeles and Oakland.

He dwelt particularly on the matter of advertising which had served to present to the public in an advertising way Dr. James Whitcomb Brougher and several others. The style of advertising used by Ed Lyon in advertising Dr. Brougher has had particular appeal and has been very successful.

From the point of view of the advertising man and this is an exceedingly important point of view at the present time when church advertising is playing such an important part in the realm of Advertising, Walter W. Cribbins made the trip across the bay to present some views on the subject.

He urged the clergymen to see that their advertising was more than a mere statement of fact which would include the name of the church, its location, the name of the pastor and the topic of the sermon, possibly supplemented by the brief announcement that there would be music.

Walter made a strong plea to dress up church advertising to make it attractive—so that it would really sell that which the church has to sell.

"The church has a real and a vital appeal," said Cribbins, "and it is strictly up to those



writing church advertising to sense this appeal and play to it."

A poll of those present found a rather larger percentage of church members than has been expected by those who occupied the speaker's platform. Regulars who attend church service Sunday mornings, were also conspicuous by their presence, but those who are regular at evening services were far from numerous.

## Putting Religion on the Front Page

*E. P. Beebe*

The editor of a religious journal recently stated that advertising was the product of business, it is not, emphatically not—Advertising is the creator of business, not its by-product.

When religious bodies grasp this fundamental, and no longer shy at the mention of the word publicity, because they couple it up with business, then religion will no longer be, to quote Bishop James E. Freeman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, "the only thing to move with halting gait."

Business uses the newspaper, the magazine and the billboard to create a demand for what it has to sell, whether Florida real estate, California oranges, bonds, dry goods, autos, machinery or radio necessities or luxuries for home or business.

At times it indulges in special efforts to attract the attention of the buying public, to get on advertising's front page. Department stores conduct Annual Furniture Sales, White Goods Sales and Bargain Sales.

Newspapers issue special editions, while the trade journals have their Annual Spring Buying and Convention issues.

All this is done for two reasons, increased business and publicity.

The church can profit by a scrutiny of the ideas back of these systematic efforts of business to obtain publicity and increased volume of trade.

It is desirable now and then to jar the religious instincts of a community out of the rut of the commonplace and of repetition.

To focus the attention of the church-goer and non-church-goer alike on what religion means to him, and to his community and to the world.

To bring before them a man with a virile message, one big enough to get what he has to say on the front pages of the daily papers, and start things going.

One of the largest churches in Flushing, Long Island, was offered a Sunday evening engagement for Rev. Dr. Sameul M. Zwemer, the noted missionary, traveler and authority on conditions in Islam.

The pastor hesitated, knowing that if the famous missionary came for his church alone the audience would be only fair-sized and he felt that Dr. Zwemer was too big a man, his limited time too valuable to address an ordinary Sunday evening crowd.

So he consented to bring Dr. Zwemer provided the Laymen's Publicity League would take the publicity end and conduct the meeting.

This League is a civic organization of men and women banded together to give publicity to religion regardless of creed or denomination. Six churches agreed, in response to the League's request, to abandon their service for that evening—the Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, the Reformed, Congregational, Baptist and Lutheran.

The League's Press Committee, realizing that while the famous Doctor was widely known in missionary circles, he was not so generally familiar to the laymen at large, a publicity campaign was launched calling attention to his many activities, his frequent conferences with crowned heads, statesmen and soldiers. His travels from one end of the globe to the other were touched upon. Cards announcing his appearance at the union meeting went to the church members by mail. The Saturday before the local papers carried a display advertisement, while reading notices on front pages told of the churches closing, the big chorus choir, and an announcement of his topic.

An attractive folder, contrasting his views on the end of the world as seen in the signs of the times with those of Miss Pankhurst, was handed to each worshipper at the six churches Sunday morning. Every Sunday School student took home a small card with an invitation to "Come!"

No public speaker, lecturer, political candidate or clergyman ever came to Flushing better advertised. Results were gratifying, the largest Protestant church in town was crowded to the doors, the congregation overflowed into the aisles, forming the largest union service ever held in the town.

Monday's papers carried the ringing Gospel message, the effect of the religion of Jesus Christ on world-wide events, on the front page in big headlines.

Following up this striking success, the League arranged a Mothers' mass meeting, securing a widely-known woman to deliver an address on "The Religious Training of Children." A dozen Mothers' Clubs were invited from Flushing and vicinity. Again the Gospel message went on the front page. This address will go further, printed and distributed to the 1,500 members of the clubs and through the churches.

Since the Zwemer meeting the League arranged a mass meeting addressed by Rev. Daniel A. Poling, D.D., on a week-day night and repeated its former success.

Churchmen of Flushing and vicinity tendered Dr. Poling a reception and dinner prior to the meeting. 150 clergy and laymen attended. Before it was over, word came down from the big auditorium "Church is packed to the doors!"

Had it been a Sunday evening hundreds would have been turned away.

Much of the advance newspaper work went on the front page, Dr. Poling's virile message occupied front page preferred space with big headlines.

The newly consecrated Bishop of Long Island, Rev. Ernest M. Stires, was announced to confirm a class in a medium-sized Episcopal church. The Laymen's Publicity League kept announcing the forthcoming visit of the Bishop for three weeks prior to his coming. On the Saturday previous a



cut of the Bishop was run in the news section with a brief story of his career.

The attendance Sunday morning broke all records, the ushers went up nave with the offertory in single file, stepping between the rows of extra chairs placed all over the church. Again a ringing message on the front page.

Pastors' sermons which are out of the ordinary frequently receive front page space, a Lutheran pastor discussed "Man Maker Monkey," a sermon on evolution—he went on front page.

Recently New York newspapers featured several stories suggesting that Easter be made a fixed date each year, the second Sunday in April.

A representative of the League interviewed the clergy, and another front page story resulted.

All this is giving religion prominence in the daily

press and people are thinking and many more attending church.

Get the Master's message on the front page, and the people will come. Do not forget that He said: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Publicity creates business, publicity creates interest in religion and brings people into the churches. News not of social and money making affairs, but the Gospel message.

What Flushing did and is doing can be repeated in any town with three or four churches, or even two. Bring in the Men's Clubs and the Mothers' Clubs.

Close up all but the largest church for the evening. Secure the most prominent speakers available. Advertise him in a big way. It pays. Try it.

## Evening Services

During the past year a new program of evening services has been adopted by the First Congregational Church of Middletown, Connecticut. The usual evening preaching services had been largely discontinued owing to inadequate attendance. The Church thereupon, interpreting religion in its broad sense, prepared a series of meetings of exceptional merit. These were scheduled to occur once or twice a month and were heavily advertised through the mail, church calendars, posters and daily press. A thousand copies of the printed program, setting forth the services for the entire year, issued in September, were soon taken.

The services for the Church year of 1926-1927 include five preaching services with special music. Among those speaking are such outstanding clergymen as the Reverend Karl Reiland, of St. George's Church, New York City, the Reverend James Gordon Gilkey of the South Congregational Church, and the Reverend J. Burford Parry the Reverend Gaius Glenn Atkins, of Auburn Theological Seminary.

Two musical services, one at Christmas and one at Easter, are being given, these being made more effective by candle light and the use of an electric cross. An eight-reel motion picture "Martin Luther—His Life and Time," packed the church.

Illustrated addresses on "The March of the Seasons Through the White Mountains" and "South America of Today" were given by Albert Leonard Squier, of Boston. Charles Crawford Gorst, of Boston, the well-known ornithologist and imitator of bird songs, spoke on "The Musical Genius of Birds."

Lincoln Caswell, of New York, gave his impersonation of Abraham Lincoln. In all these services, wherever possible, the music has been stressed.

In spite of misgivings at the beginning of the enterprise, no difficulty has been encountered in the financing of these services, though the expense has been considerable.

The congregations have averaged from eight

hundred to twelve hundred per evening, drawing not only from the membership of the First Church but from the entire vicinity. The silver offerings taken have been placed in a special evening service fund and have been more than sufficient for the need. Thus far the experiment seems to be highly successful. Interest in the church has been increased, the evening service problem seemingly solved, and a real community service rendered.—*Rev. Ralph Aldrich Christie.*

## THE CHURCH YEAR

### An Incentive for Suggestions for Sunday Evening Services

One of the first principles in any line of service is a thoroughly organized system, a "blue-print" of the work to be done. It is as true in the ministry as in any other vocation. Probably the greatest cause of failure in ministerial service is a lack of system in laying out the work to be accomplished in accordance with a clear vision of the need. This is surely true of the work to be carried on in the pulpit. It is far more important for the preacher to prepare for Sundays than for Sunday. His mind must go forward many weeks and foresee the lines of sermon work the needs of the church demand and prayerfully blue-prints the schedule of his sermons months in advance. There is always a great advantage in following the Church Year, which brings its own line of thought in order. But the rigid observance of the Church Year or of any other plan, making the method cast-iron, will be fraught with peril to both preacher and congregation. The best system must be held sufficiently flexible to meet unexpected contingencies.

Why should a preacher be able to excel in but one method? Why should he be an expert as an expository preacher but unable ever to give an evangelistic or doctrinal sermon? Why should he be a great success as an illustrative preacher but a total failure in attempting to expound a chapter? We would urge, if he would be the broadest preacher possible and be able to reach the largest number of people to determine that he will culti-



vate each of these several methods and practice them all in turn. He could do it if he will and the breadth of his ministry would be increased many hundred per cent.

As an aid in the accomplishment of this, the writer makes bold to suggest a scheme that is thoroughly practical for any preacher and that will surely result in the achievement of this end. If followed the reflex influence on himself would be most happily encouraging and the influence on the congregation equally so. All classes would be reached and the congregation as a whole. The personality of the preacher would be more intense in its impression on his hearers and power for good multiplied. However, we would stress the point that the scheme here presented is not intended as absolute. No system could ever be given unqualified sway. It is suggestive merely. If adopted, it must be subservient to conditions and circumstances that may require its modification or readjustment at any hour.

Let us assume that there are four types of sermons equally adapted for use in the Sunday service, each of which would appeal to different parts of the congregation more than any of the others. There is the Exegetical or Expository sermon, the Illustrative sermon, the Doctrinal sermon, and what we might denominate the Practical sermon. We mean by this last a sermon on the more particular phases of the Christian life from an experimental standpoint. While every sermon should be practical and should represent Christian life, the sermon we have in mind would deal especially with the vital facts of religious experience and holy living. Now all of these types are most excellent. They are all needed in every church. No pulpit is fully meeting the demands of the church if any one of these types is always absent.

Suppose the minister makes for his own use a schedule something like this. On the first Sunday of each month he will give his people what we call a sermon of the Practical type. One class of his congregation will be highly edified. It will not meet the needs of every one. Some will not be so interested. The following Sunday, the second of the month, his sermon will be of the Exegetical type. He will more particularly expound some paragraph of Scripture. This will reach the minds of others present who were not interested particularly in the sermon of the previous Sabbath. The third Sunday he will follow with the Illustrative method, bringing illustrations for enforcing the great truths taught from the various sources of human knowledge, and a large class will see the truth as they would not in any other form. On the fourth day he will take up some particular teaching of the Bible, some fundamental truth and emphasize it in an illuminating manner. Call it a Doctrinal sermon. Many will thoroughly appreciate it.

For the other evening services the same general plan may be followed with a slight alteration. One evening let the effort be decidedly of an Evangelistic nature, with straight and loving appeal to those who have not made the decision

to follow Christ. On the second evening suppose the preacher give what might be called a Biographical sermon, using the interesting and thrilling characters of the Bible as the basis of his study. Bible characters are always one of the most popular lines of thought to present in Sunday evening services and are always appreciated. And naturally it may be desired to vary the ordinary program by holding a special service of some kind.

Perhaps the choir will render a musical program that will be restful and uplifting to both mind and heart or a more formal address or lecture on some vital theme of the day, or a topic that will bring before the public some great personages or event or other matter of the nature of a lecture that would afford variety and be equally rich and helpful as a religious effort. Many would be drawn to such a lecture of a popular type who would not be attracted by a more distinctly religious sermon.

Would the same general plan be workable for the Mid-Week Service of the church? Assuredly so. Suppose at the first Mid-Week Service of the month the pastor prepares with great care and gives in earnest, heart-revealing manner a plain and practical talk on some particular phase of the personal life of the Christian. Let it be very warm and rich from his own personal experience. The week following let some Bible study be introduced, a real lesson from the Scriptures, prepared more as a lesson than as an address, regarding the company present more as a class than as a congregation. Possibly the hour might be converted into something like a class session, where the teacher would bring out the great teachings of the lesson in a way to elicit responses from the class. The third week it would be a means of grace to present to the church, a view of some phase of the great outstanding interests of the denomination. These monthly representations of what the church is doing could not fail of intensifying interest in lines of work and would make the raising of the benevolences far more sure. And on the fourth evening of the month some address on other subjects would come in very appropriately, or, perhaps better, let that night be given into the hands of some one of the many societies of the church.

Here we have a schedule that includes every element of Christian thought and activity and provides for a richness and variety that could not fail to develop the best elements of preaching ability and executive management on the part of the pastor and reach every possible need of all the various classes to be found in every church in the land. Thoroughly believing in such a scheme, the writer presents it to the readers of *The Expositor*, recommending it to the use of pastors who will quickly recognize its worth and the gains from such a varied and practical system. It is practical because flexible, equally adapted in whole or in part to any church in city or country.—Dr. J. A. Chrystie.

#### WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO THE DENOMINATIONS

The sermons will be delivered as follows:



The World's Debt to the Congregationalists.  
 The World's Debt to the Disciples.  
 The World's Debt to the Episcopalians.  
 The World's Debt to the Lutherans and Evangelicals.  
 The World's Debt to the Methodists.  
 The World's Debt to the Presbyterians.  
 The World's Debt to the Roman Catholics.  
 The World's Debt to the Unitarians.  
 The World's Debt to the Baptists.

—Rev. Henry Alford Porter, D.D.

## Forum

The Expositor:

Please give the name of Mr. John T. Greenwood to the various firms dealing in church building supplies. Mr. Greenwood is secretary of a building committee for the erection of a new church for the Evangelical body here.

I understand you render such a service as this between building committees and firms.

Sincerely yours, Rev. F. A. Hoerner.

Dear Mr Ramsey:

Our church burned down last Friday and we are faced with the necessity of building a new one.

We know you are in touch with architects, contractors, church supply houses for pews, organ builders, etc.

Could you give us a line on things immediately. Would also appreciate your advice. If you would notify your advertisers we would appreciate it as we want to get the most for \$150,000 possible.

Thanking you for past favors,

Sincerely, Rev. G. S. Lackland.

My Dear Mr. Ramsey:

I have just returned from the West Indies and South America and at once wish to acknowledge the *Expositor's* fine presentation of the Eagle's church box article.

Have been told that there were scores of calls for sample copies through your office and direct. All were mailed. This morning a subscription came for the Saturday edition.

I had no idea that so much interest would be taken in our original way of urging church going.

Whoever originated the slogan "The Minister's Trade Paper," certainly did something thoughtful as well as truthful. It is what it says it is. Success to you and your valuable publication.

Respectfully,

Benj. A. Fryer, City Editor., Reading Daily Eagle.

The Expositor:

I have taken *The Expositor* for 22 years and I do not want to get along without it now, for it is now the best ever.

I have stolen a lot of thunder from *The Expositor* in these 22 years, you may be sure.

Yours fraternally,

Wm. Lester Askue, Colebrook, Ohio.

## Hints

A JUNIOR CHURCH SCHOOL HYMNAL

A Junior Church School Hymnal, in which an increasing number of Junior schools and workers are interested, will be published about May 1st,

## Printed Church Supplies

Printed Stationery as low as 200 6x7 sheets and 100 envelopes for \$1.00.

Collection Envelopes, both the single and duplex system, and the best financial record keeping system on the market.

Printing to Order. Our comprehensive price list gives prices on all manner of printing from a concert ticket to a booklet of poems.

If you have not received your copy of our catalog and price list, drop us a card.

WOOLVERTON PRINTING COMPANY  
CEDAR FALLS, IOWA

## 24-Hour Parish Paper Service

We print and ship all weekly parish papers within 24 hours after receiving copy. 4 and 8-page monthly papers are usually shipped within 48 hours.

Samples and Particulars Free

THE NATIONAL RELIGIOUS PRESS  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

1927. While waiting for its appearance, the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education is eager to have its constituency know about the nature and scope of the book. It contains much hymnodic material that appears for the first time and that was prepared by outstanding writers and composers in the field of Christian education. The best in hymnological literature in America and Europe has been selected.

## FINANCIAL SECRETARY'S AID

Rev. Benj. Hofer made up a Quarterly Statement Record Sheet for use in his church which seems to answer many questions brought up by other forms. The forms are made up in a book of 200 pages which will carry 100 accounts; since the sheets are made in duplicate, the upper one perforated for detaching at the time the quarter is ended. At the end of each quarter, the detached part is mailed to the member whose name and address appears thereon, which will give him an exact picture of how the pledge stands. The thoroughness of the system should impress the members of the church, and the cost in time involved to keep the record seems feasible. The duplicate gives a permanent record to the church treasurer. The cost of the book is \$4.00. If you desire further information about it, we may be able to secure sample sheets for you.

## GOOD READING MATERIAL

As pastors of Christian groups, we have the opportunity to direct or influence the reading habits of those with whom we come in contact. The National Association of Book Publishers, 25 West 33rd Street, New York City, will send you advertising material to help you in a campaign for reading good books. Vacation periods always bring with them the time and desire for delayed reading. If you suggest a book, one that is worth time and thought, you will do a real service to the person who accepts your suggestion.



## Effective Churches

(Continued from page 945)

traditions and ways of its own was allowed to continue its existence unmolested. North church boasts a Ladies' Aid Society reporting only three active members! It seems that sometime in the remote past it was enacted that to be an active member of the Ladies' Aid one must attend and contribute regularly—and last year only three women qualified. From the point of view of efficient organization North church is a mess. There are too many organizations, and most of them are too small. But the staff argues, "Why try to change the ways of the people?" So long as an organization means something to somebody, and does not require much attention from the staff, it is allowed to live out its life in peace. Even in the Sunday School there has been great tolerance shown towards what many would call antique methods.

When Mr. Holt was asked, "How have you maintained the interest of this scattered constituency in North church?" he replied, "By finding tasks for them to do which were within the range of their abilities." That invited another question, "What have those tasks been?" Mr. Holt smiled and replied, "Largely cooking." He explained that with its scattered constituency it was necessary to serve many meals in North church in the course of a year, and that these meals were prepared by different groups, not in the hope of making money, but as a part of their service to the church. Cooking has become an expression of religion in North church. When asked what equivalent service he had discovered for the men, he replied that he had not found any, and that possibly that was the reason the church did not mean more to the men.

Naturally the question arose as to the quality of the service rendered by untrained leaders, especially in the Sunday School and young peoples' organizations. Was North an amateur church? Miss Seeman, the third member of the staff, resented this implication. She explained that they trained their people, not by sending them to high-brow lectures but by "elbow to elbow work." The staff trains by example rather than precept. Their ideal is not to direct in any obvious sense, but to guide the people in a quiet and unobtrusive fashion. They claim that this method produces quite satisfactory leaders.

What has been the fruit of this careful conservation of the heritage of the past? Has North church placed itself in bondage to the past in order to merely keep alive? Not at all. Because of this respectful attitude towards things that have been, the pastor and his workers have enjoyed an unusual degree of freedom in their work for the present and future.

Because he has won the hearts of the older people, Mr. Holt has enjoyed complete freedom in the pulpit. Most of the people of North church are conservative in both theology and social outlook, yet Mr. Holt has preached an outspoken social message, and no one has challenged him in

any way. Because the people believe in him, he is free to say anything which he cares to. Herein lies the real secret of a free pulpit in any church.

North church has to its credit a number of more or less novel features. Most striking is the brief religious service held every school-day morning for the boys and girls on their way to school. It lasts twelve minutes and consists of a song, a story, and a prayer. Last year the attendance was between 25 and 30 every morning. The staff regards this as their most effective bit of educational work.

North church has also been a pioneer in the use of motion pictures. They are shown on Saturday to an average audience of 315, and are used on Sunday night in connection with a religious service with an average attendance of 243.

There is no future before North Presbyterian church in the accepted sense of the term. So long as the neighborhood is populated by people the church intends to remain. When the people go, the church will also depart. In the meantime it stands as a revelation of what an ordinary minister with extraordinary patience can make out of a common-place constituency.

## Finding a Wife

(Continued from page 944)

very remote parish. He had never been in a fair sized town in all his years in the ministry. Always located on the cross-roads. Some men like the cross-roads, they glory in the privilege of ministering in the back country, but my friend didn't.

It was always his desire to get to a fair-sized town, where he could give his children a better education. But the opportunity never came. I wondered why. I don't now, for some years ago I paid him a visit. He was quite uneasy for the parsonage had the semblance of one of New York city's second-hand furniture stores. His wife was talkative and easy-going and preferred to chat and idle away her time rather than keep her house in order. An unkempt, disorderly house will ruin the most promising of young men. All of the better class churches considered him impossible on account of her slovenliness. It was too bad. He was aware of his handicap and suffered keenly, but silently.

I really don't know, Howard, why on earth I should tell you of these things, for I know perfectly well that in your case none of these things are applicable. They never are. I trust they are not. But, you know, getting married is like learning to swim, you have to get into the water. But you will be well advised not to contemplate going beyond your depths.

However, in spite of what I have said, I still believe with Solomon that he who getteth a good wife getteth a good thing. And if you are anything like your old dad, you will know a good thing when you get it. We will look for you next Tuesday, bring her along, for your mother is anxious to give her a look over. The mail goes in an hour, so I must close if I am to get this letter out on the afternoon train.

Best wishes,                      DAD.



# Pulpit and Pastoral Prayers

REV. ERNEST H. SHANKS, D.D.



Rev. Ernest H. Shanks D. D.,  
Salem, Oregon

## A MOTHER'S GRACE AT TABLE

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for the bounties with which we are daily surrounded. Thou openest Thy hand and blessings flow to us from Thy great storehouse.

We thank Thee for the food. Bless it to our good, to the strengthening of our bodies. Help us to spend the strength derived from it in doing Thy will.

Through Christ. Amen.

## MOTHER AT THE FAMILY ALTAR

O Lord, our God, we turn to Thee from the busy toil of the day. There is much to weary and fret us, but in Thee we find peace and rest. We would come to Thee before we enter the duties of the day.

We seek from Thee protection from harm. Thou wilt save us from dangers, seen and unseen. Give us strength to bear our part. Clear vision to see the way. A true and steady purpose to follow the leading of Thy Spirit no matter what may befall, or where He may lead us.

O Thou Great Jehovah, be Thou with us through the burden and the heat of the toil, and help us that we may not fail.

In the hours of pleasure and pleasant pastime help us not to forget Thee. Nor may we ever forget that we belong to Thee and represent Thee among men.

When the evening hours come, we turn back to Thee for Thy benediction and blessing. We would have our days such that Thou canst say well done to us at the close of each.

Give us rest and refreshment in sleep, and strength for the morrow, and we will praise Thy name forever.

Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

## MOTHER'S PRAYER OVER HER SLEEPING BABE

O Christ I thank Thee for this little life that Thou hast placed in my keeping. I thank Thee that Thou hast deemed me worthy to have entrusted to me this precious treasure. Help me to be true of the trust. Help me to so live every day that I may lead the tiny steps in Thy way and guide the unfolding mind into right channels of thought.

May my own spirit grow richer day by day with the consciousness of Thy presence and the knowledge of Thy word.

Keep my darling in Thy loving care. Ward off every evil influence and save him in the hours of trial that must come sooner or later.

May he grow to be a useful servant of Thine and if Thou shalt call him out for some special service in Thy kingdom, my heart will rejoice and praise Thee forever.

Keep me and mine, I pray Thee, in Thy name. Amen.

## MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER WAYWARD BOY

O my God, hear my prayer and grant unto Thy hand-maiden assurance and hope. Thou who knowest a mother's heart, and lovest all the creatures, Thou wilt not turn a deaf ear to my entreaty.

Bless my boy, O God. Turn his steps; O turn them once more to Thy way. Bring him back to mother's heart and embrace. Follow by Thy Spirit, no matter where he may wander. Let the memory of Thy love cause him to heed Thy call.

I know that Thou wilt answer my cry. That in some way and at some time I may see the desire of my heart. Take account of my bitter tears and bring my poor boy back to the fold.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou didst give him to me. I bring him back to Thee. Heaven will be sweeter, O Christ, with my loved one there. And I can praise Thee as I ought. I commit him to Thy care, O my Master. Help me to be worthy of Thy love and have faith in Thy promise that Thou wilt answer prayer.

I ask it in Thy name. Amen.

## MOTHER AND HER BIBLE

O my God, how precious is Thy word of truth. I thank Thee for the Bible that I now hold in my hand. I thank Thee that it is possible for me to



have it, to read it and understand its precious messages.

As I read its pages may the Holy Spirit enlighten my mind and fill my heart. When I come to it for comfort, guide my eyes to those passages that speak to me the needed words. Help me to see new beauty in these familiar passages as I turn to them again and again.

Quicken my thoughts, make my memory strong to hold the truths, and give me the courage to practice the precepts Thou dost teach me out of Thy word. Help me that I may be able to say, O how love I Thy law. Surely it is my meditation day and night. Accept my grateful praise for the Word and for Thy Spirit's help.

Through Jesus Christ. Amen.

### PRAYER FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

Jesus, Thou Christ of Bethlehem's manger, bless, we pray Thee, the mother and her new born babe. Thou didst come to earth a helpless Babe. Though Thy cradle was so rude and the stable room was so bare, yet Thy coming gave a halo of glory that will last as long as there is a cradle in the world. Hallow, the cradle and the room where this babe has brought again the presence of the angels of God, and in which we tread softly as in Thy presence.

We thank Thee for this new life added; for the prophecy that is wrapped up in this little child. We pray that as it unfolds throughout the coming days and years that prophecy may be amply fulfilled.

Thy love for the little children teaches us how to love more sincerely.

We pray for Thy blessing on the mother of this new born babe. As she went down into the valley of the shadow Thou didst hold her by the hand. She went confidently expecting Thee to lead her through. Her heart leaped for joy when they said "a child is born."

Now hold her by the hand. Give her needed grace. Bless her in her body, and restore her to strength and perfect health, for the sake of her offspring, and for Thy glory.

We ask this in the Matchless Name, the Christ of Bethlehem. Amen.

### FOR THE MOTHER OF LITTLE CHILDREN

O Thou who didst take the little children in Thy arms and bless them, look in love and tenderness on those to whom Thou has entrusted the care of these little ones.

Guide the mother's steps that she may make the way plain for youthful feet. Teach her the songs of love that she may instruct the childish lips to hymn Thy praise. Help her to keep the love-light of Thy joy shining from her eyes that these little folks may see Thy smile.

O Jesus, Thou, the children's Friend, grant to the mother of these little ones wisdom and patience for every day. Help her to realize the great responsibility that rests on her for the future of these children. Lead her each day in the greatest service given to human hearts, the moulding and fashioning of a life.

When she grows weary, give her rest. When she is disheartened, strengthen her faith. When she is perplexed, give her wisdom. When she fails, lift her up.

For this we give Thee thanks, and we ask it in Thy name. Amen.

### FOR THE MOTHER OF GIRLS

O Jesus Christ, our Lord, Thou who didst bless the Syro-Phenician woman and grant her a blessing for her daughter; we believe Thou art the same today as in days of yore. Bless the mother of girls who comes to Thee for crumbs of blessing that may fall from Thy hand.

Thou knowest how often the mother heart is tried. How often she does not know which way to turn. May she turn ever to Thee. Thou art able to show her the way through every difficulty. Be Thou ever near and grant Thine aid.

Help her to be the confidant and friend to her daughters. Help her to understand their difficulties in this age when so many new problems seem to press upon our young people.

Help her to so live and act and speak as Thy Handmaid that she may be a constant reminder of Thee and of Thy power and purpose. Grant that she may be an example worthy of her daughters' following, that they may develop into womanhood in its truest and richest fullness and beauty of character.

This we ask in Thy name and for Thy name's sake. Amen.

### FOR THE MOTHER OF BOYS

Thou Jesus of the Nazareth home, we remember how Thou in Thy youth was obedient to Thy parents, and we look to Thee for blessing on the Mother of boys.

Thou dost understand the boy-mind and the mother-heart. Thou knowest the perplexities and difficult times that come. Give to Thy hand-maiden, the mother of boys, wisdom, patience and love.

Help her to hold the first place in the boys' hearts among all human affections, that she may enter into their confidence and be their best earthly friend.

When she is sorely tried, give her strength. When she is weary and discouraged help her to repose in Thee and to trust Thee, knowing her prayers will not go unanswered. Help her in those times when she must keep things hidden in her heart that she may not lose faith.

Give her real joy in the privilege of being the mother of men who shall one day rise up and call her blessed.

O Thou Christ who lovest all, be Thou ever near to the mother of boys, to guide and strengthen her for her life's great work.

We pray Thee, and in Thy name. Amen.

### FOR THE MOTHER IN TIME OF SICKNESS

We praise Thy name O Lord, that Thou art our Friend in time of trouble as well as in times of joy and success. Thou didst lend thy help in times of sickness when Thou wast on earth.



We believe and know that Thou art still present in the homes where sickness brings anxiety and eager watching.

Thou knowest the tender concern of the mother's heart for her loved ones. Hear her earnest prayers that entreat Thy mercy and Thy healing for her loved ones. Thou art able to do above all that we may ask or even think. Thou art just as able now as then to heal and restore.

Give success to the efforts of mother and her helpers in the use of wise remedies and in the care of those who are sick. May the anointing oil in the hands of mother, physician or nurse be blessed of Thee for the restoration of health to the dear ones in this home or hospital.

Grant the prayers of mother according to Thy will in behalf of those for whom she pleads. Lay Thy hands in healing upon them, and bless them in physical health.

Give needed strength and help to the mother, and add to her faith in Thee and in Thy promises.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

#### FOR THE SHUT-IN MOTHER

O Thou who didst bear our sicknesses; Thou suffering Servant of Jehovah, unto Thee we turn for blessing and help for all those who through sickness and weakness are kept within the narrow walls.

The activities of life have been narrowed. We pray that Thy loving care may be given to them. Grant that out of physical handicap grace may abound.

May the sweet grace of Thy presence be manifested in the life of Thy hand-maidens. Give to them the needed blessing for each day. Anoint them with the healing balm of Thy Spirit. Bless them in physical and spiritual blessings alike. Let the love of God fill their hearts to overflowing, that they also may minister comfort to those about them, and thus witness for Thee.

By Thy power to bless the body as well as the soul, give physical strength that the body may be able to perform its functions in a healthy and normal way.

We ask all these blessings for Thy glory and to the praise of Thy name. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

#### PRAYER FOR THE AGED MOTHER

O God we thank Thee for the years Thou hast allotted to Thy hand-maiden.

Lord God of Israel; Thou God of Sarah, of Anna and of Elizabeth, bless the mother who has lived long years of love and faithful witness. Through many days of toil and anxiety Thou hast been her Friend. In mid-night watches, and weary days of the service of love for others, she has given herself without stint.

She sat at the feet of her Lord and listened to His gracious words that she might tell them to us. She held us steady in times of stress. She reminded us of our duty to Thee in times of carelessness. Lord hold her now in Thy loving embrace for the remaining years with us.

Give her visions of the beautiful life over there.

Let her hear the echoes of the heavenly music. Grant to her the full strength of faith that ties her to Thy throne. Fill her with a faith that will not shrink; that will not tremble; that will not be afraid. Bring her to the setting of the sun in full-orbed splendor, and at even time may there be light.

Let the benediction of her life rest like a mantle on those of her kindred and acquaintances who follow her. Make Thy face to shine upon her and give her peace.

In Thy Matchless Name. Amen.

#### FOR THE MOTHER IN THE HOUSE OF MOURNING

O Thou Loving Saviour: Thou who didst come to the home when the little daughter was taken away; Thou who didst restore the widow's son; Thou who didst bring comfort to the home in Bethany, be near in this home of mourning. Comfort the mother's heart.

The long hours of watching and anxious waiting were in vain. But not in vain for the heart of faith. The earthly house has fallen, but the heavenly house was ready. The life here was cut short, that it might be longer there. The gallant soul fought bravely here, but the victory is over there, the victory that is ours, thank God. Thou dost make it ours through Thy matchless triumph over death and the grave.

Take the sting out of the hearts that love, in the hope that is sure. Give to the mother in this home of sorrow the sweet consciousness of hope that is sure for all who love Thee. For the loss that she sustains here, give her to see that there is eternal gain there. That Thou wilt make up for all the losses of earth, in the satisfactions of heaven.

For the loneliness, grant Thy presence. For the emptiness, give fullness of Thy blessing. For the heart-ache, pour in the oil of Thy sweet sacrifice that assures us of the finished work of grace, provide the perfect satisfaction that we too shall awake and see Thy glory.

Let the benediction of Thy grace rest in the heart of the mother in this home. Fill her heart with the incense of Thy love. Lift up her countenance with the smile of Thy face and give her peace.

Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

#### A PASTORAL PRAYER

Almighty and Gracious God and Father, Thou knowest us Thy children by name and canst and dost come to us according to our special and peculiar needs.

In Thy grace and mercy Thou hast dealt with us as if we alone were Thy creatures, and as if Thou hadst not the whole universe of creatures beyond us to care for and bless.

In Christ we are Thy begotten sons, and we praise Thee for it. We now come to Thee with overflowing hearts.

Our mouth is open with reverence, praise and thanksgiving.

We have made haste to appear before Thee. Thou has done so much for us.



Thou hast held back nothing from us which has been for our good and for Thy glory.

Thou hast made us rich with Thyself.

Wilt Thou not now hasten to help us in our variety and conscious needs?

Wilt Thou not send unto us into our individual hearts fulness of Thy blessing?

Oh, God and Father! Let us see more and more the littleness of earth, and make us feel and apprehend the preciousness of heaven!

Help us, we do pray Thee, to be truthful, kind, gentle, pure, noble, strong, courageous, and in every way like Jesus Christ Thy well-Beloved Son and our Saviour.

May we do our earthly business in a heavenly spirit.

At this time give us that bread which, when eaten in secret, shall be pleasant; and the water which, when partaken in secret, shall be sweet.

In these moments show us how to live long, for these are the moments when we deepen our spiritual vitality.

Give us rest in the midst of labor and divine elevation even in the midst of an uncertain, ungodly and unsatisfying world.

God and Father! Be merciful to us sinners!

We believe that it is Thy delight to forgive.

We thank Thee for the cross and remember that Jesus hung there to atone for our sins.

We thank Thee for the resurrection, and enter into the spirit and rest of our Redeemer's triumph.

In that bright day that is coming He will deliver us from all that is evil. Thou wilt clothe us as with white linen, and then shall no stain be upon us forever.

Accept our thanks for Thy mercies through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

— Rev. J. J. Ross, D.D.

## MEMORIAL DAY PRAYER

James M. Hester, Chaplain, U.S.N., Tutuila, Samoa

Father in heaven, we are conscious that our supreme need is thy presence and approval in all our endeavors. Increase our faith in thee and in thy purpose of good for mankind. And enable us to tune our wills into harmony with thine.

We are grateful to thee for leading our fathers in founding this Republic, in the hearts of men, for the common good, and for those whose wisdom, and courage, and sacrifice have preserved and made it a power in the world. We seek thy presence as we pay our tribute of respect to the memory of those who have fought and died that this nation might live.

Green and tender are our memories of those who gave their last measure of devotion in the late war — our classmates, our shipmates, and our neighbors. Bless the homes of our land which gave these sons in service of country; and, may the consolation of a resurrected and triumphant redeemer find its way to every aching heart.

Make us conscious of our duty to carry on the work our comrades laid down. Help us to work for peace and its establishment in all the earth.

And may the day speedily come when the heroism of the world will be enlisted against these enemies of mankind: War itself, ignorance and disease, greed and lust, dishonesty and lawlessness.

In the name of the Prince of Peace, whose teachings embody the principles of thy kingdom, which provides, when it is fully come, the common worship of thee as Father and the recognition of the brotherhood of all men. Amen.

## In Memoriam

(Continued from page 947)

To Lord Tennyson, Death, Sin, Faithlessness, Pride, Disease, Lust and the like, present problems which he cannot solve. Why are they here to harass man? He cannot answer, but he would gladly have thrown them all out of the world if only he were able. There is a way out, however, and that is the coming of Christ in some triumphant manner.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land;  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In still another part of his poem he seems to have the Triumphant Christ in view when he speaks of "one far-off divine event:"

That God, which ever lives and loves;  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

Knowledge and Wisdom are highly exalted, but the author of our poem holds that the world needs something more than these.

I would the great world grew like thee,  
Who grewst not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In Reverence and in Charity.

Tennyson maintains that we have much in us which needs some way, somehow to be *worked out*. To *move upward* is man's hope and it is only in Christ that man has any hope at all of being able to do this. It reminds us of what the Apostle Paul said about the flesh warring against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and overcoming evil by means of the good.

We hear Tennyson sing, Love is and was my Lord and King and we immediately hear one of old say, Love is the perfect bond, and Love is greatest.

Jesus said, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." This Tennyson had found by experience to be true for he says:

I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.



# Gold-Mining in the Scriptures

## The Expositor's "Expositions"

REV. R. C. HALLOCK, D.D.

### FOUR FOUNDATION FORMS OF FAITH: A STUDY IN THE ELEVENTH OF HEBREWS

#### 1. The Faith-form of Abel: Evangelical. Verse 4.

*Pistei pleiona thusian Abel para Kain prose-negke toh Theoh,* By faith a better sacrifice Abel than Cain presented to God, *di' hehs emarturehseh einai dikaios*, through which it was evidenced to him that he was just(ified), *marturountos epi tois dohrois autou tou Theou*, God bearing witness in regard of his gifts; *kai di' autehs apothanohn eti laleitai*, and through this (very fact) though dead he (Abel) still speaks.

Why did God accept Abel's offering, but reject Cain's? The answer to this question gives a surpassing sermon theme. Cain, a Character Study, makes a fine approach. Humanly regarded Cain was the superior man: not coarse, brutal, animal, as we imagine him. It was the off-spring of Cain, not of Abel, who were the artists, the musicians, the eager inventors of that early world. From the descendants, work back to the ancestor. Cain was the man of cultural instincts, of intellectual power: he knew himself abler than Abel, brighter, brainier. This it was which gave a cutting edge to his humiliation, and made him hate the inferior brother preferred to himself. Not coarse brutality, but wounded sensitiveness made Cain a murderer.

And why was Abel preferred? For his faith, and that which it saw. What did his faith see? The basic Evangelical truth: *Chohris haimatek-chusias ou ginetai aphesis*. Apart from blood-shedding, never cometh remission! (Heb. 9:22). And just what was that faith of Abel's, which revealed to him this deep truth? First, Belief. Abel "believed God;" took what God said as true, just because God said it. Cain thought he knew better. Second, Obedience. Abel brought the offering God specified: Cain thought grain, fruit, flowers so much more aesthetic, more appropriate. Third, Vision. Cain saw only the flowers and fruit in their natural beauty; Abel mused and mused upon God's teaching as to the form which acceptable worship must take, until by faith-vision he caught dim, yet inspiring, intimations of the spiritual meaning back of it all; yea, some far-off glimpse of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." And in that apprehending faith Abel the Evangelical, not Cain the aesthetic Intellectual, was accepted of God.

#### 2. The Faith-form of Enoch: Mystical. Verses 5, 6.

In Genesis 5:24 we read, And Enoch walked with God: and he was not, for God took him. His was the type of faith which, accepting absolutely

the fact of God, believing implicitly the word of God, surrendering unreservedly to the will of God, ascends to mystic spiritual communion with God.

*Pistei Enohch metetetheh tou meh idein thanatou*. By faith Enoch was transported (to God) so as not to see death. (Note the remarkable Greek construction, the genitive *tou* of the article with the verbal infinitive *idein*, to express design. See Winer's Grammar of the Greek Idiom of the N. T. sec. 44) *Kai ouch heurisketo*, And he was not found: *diothi metetehken auton ho Theos*, because God had transported him, i.e., directly to glory. Enoch by loving choice walked with God in mystic fellowship one-third of his normal life (estimating from the age of Enoch's father, Jared, and his son, Methuselah), and then God by loving choice took Enoch at once to an eternal fellowship.

The New Testament gives the Apostle John as the Enoch of later days, walking with the Son of God in supernal fellowship; the disciple whom Jesus loved, the disciple who loved Jesus with mystic devotion, the one whom his fellows believed destined not to die, but to pass, Enoch-like, directly into the Presence.

Walking with God! This is one of the rarest, choicest sermon themes in all the Book. What shall walk with God? What are the essential conditions? First, Unity of Spirit with God. "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" Second, Co-operation with God. "Workers together with Him." Third, Soul Hunger for God. "The friendship of Jehovah is with them that fear Him." Fourth, All this through Jesus Christ. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Can we then today walk with God as did Enoch of old? Yes, if we want to. But we must want to with all our hearts; and we must want to all the time. A fickle devotion, a divided loyalty calls no soul into mysterious communion with God, nor brings to any the mystical revelation that he is "well-pleasing unto God." But he who does attain unto constant walking with God shall find in very truth heaven begun below and heaven waiting above.

#### 3. The Faith-form of Noah: Practical. Verse 7.

*Pistei chrekmatisheis Nohe peri tohn mehdepos blepomenohn*, By faith Noah, admonished concerning things not yet seen, *eulabeitheis kateskeuasen kibohton*, reverently obedient built an ark, *eis sotehrian tou oikou autou*, unto the saving of his (own) house; *di' hehs katekrinen ton kosmon* by which (reverent obedience) he judged the world, *kai tehs kata pistin dikaiosunehs egeneto klehronomos*, and of the according-to-faith righteousness became an inheritor.

Practical Peter is the N. T. exemplification of



the Noah faith-form. And doubtless the faith-form of Noah and Peter is more in touch with today than is the mystical faith-form of Enoch. Yet all the more imperative is it that the Lord's prophet today apprehend clearly just what are the things which God really wants his people to do.

The Bible being our guide, these four things God certainly does want us to accomplish forthwith:

First, Evangelize all the Earth. Matt. 28:18, seq.

Second, Destroy every Work of the Devil. 1 John 3:8.

Third, Minister to Stranger, Sick, in Prison; be Good Samaritan.

Fourth, Care devotedly for every Need, physical, mental, moral, spiritual, of our own Family, especially Children and Aged. 1 Tim. 5:8.

*Ei taula oidate, makarioi este ean poiehte auta,* If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. A most impressive sermon lies in the faith-form of Noah.

4. The Faith-form of Abraham: Full-Orbed. Verse 8.

Both doctrinal and practical, both active and mystic; a complete faith. Abraham believed God; went when God called; withheld not even his only son; walked with God as his "friend." And the great N. T. exemplar of the full-orbed faith which dwelt in Abraham was Paul. He the master theologian, preaching the Evangelical necessity of the shedding of the Blood on Calvary; he, the missionary, laboring more abundantly than they all; he, the mystic of mystics, whose very life within his own human body was literally Jesus Christ himself! (Gal. 2:20.)

*Pistei kaloumenos Abraam hupehkousen,* By Faith Abraham called (of God) obeyed, *ekselthein eis ton topon hon ehmelte lambanein eis kleionomian,* to go out unto the place which he was destined to receive as (his) inheritance, *kai eksehlthe meh epistamenos pou erchetai,* and forth he went, knowing not whither he was going.

The Greek of this verse is quite simple, but our text is rich in homiletic suggestions.

First: How fine a thing is a four-square manhood, a balanced Christian character! The practical Christian worker is admirable; the contemplative mystic soul is beautiful; the profound theologian is potent and important; but the complete Christian is full-orbed, symmetrical, all-embracing.

Second; How divine a thing is God-given faith, whatsoever special form it takes! Faith, which says fast hold upon the Unseen; faith, which inspires visions, reveals glories, makes heroes; faith, which weds the human soul to God. A priceless gift. "Lord, increase our faith!"

Third; Yet higher, diviner than faith is love. Faith weds the soul to God, but it is love that blends God and man into one! Faith is not the fulfilling of the divine Law; that richness is reserved for love. Faith is not the first and great commandment; love is that. Faith shall one day be quenched, as a smoking torch before the noon-

day sun; love shall abide and grow eternally. Faith caused Abraham to be called "the friend of God" (Romans 4:3); but love for his God with whom he walked grew up to coronal his faith, even as the skylark, "Love," in First Corinthians, Thirteen, soars singing far above "Faith" in Romans, Four. "Love is of God; every one that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God." God is not faith, but "God is Love!"

## Mary Magdalene

(Continued from page 942)

apparently knew nothing of the Roman guard which Pilate had put at the tomb.

Late on the Sabbath day Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to see the sepulchre (Matthew 28:1; Luke 23:56). After the Sabbath was over (at sundown) Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James and Salome, bought spices, that they might anoint him (Mark 16:1). Then they waited till next morning while it was yet dark and Mary Magdalene and the other women start from Bethany with the spices. When they reached the tomb to the north of Jerusalem, the sun had risen (John 20:1; Luke 24:1; Mark 16:2). According to John's account, Mary Magdalene ran in her eagerness and arrived at the tomb before the rest. She stopped long enough to see that the stone was rolled away, without looking in the tomb. She draws the conclusion that there had been a grave robbery. She suspects the enemies of Christ with having done this despicable thing. At any rate it was clearly a man's job. Mary Magdalene hurries on without waiting for the other women to tell Peter and John her fears: "They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him." She was mistaken in her interpretation of the empty tomb, but it was a natural error. She followed on after Peter and John and arrived after they had departed.

Mark, in the disputed close of the Gospel (16:9), says that Jesus "appeared first to Mary Magdalene from whom he had cast out seven demons." This testimony, though probably not a part of Mark's Gospel, yet has the confirmation of John's Gospel. Some critics wish to discredit this first witness to the resurrection of Jesus. It is urged that she was a paranoiac and was in the habit of seeing things. Because of her previous condition at the hands of the demons she is pictured as a nervous wreck. Certainly she does not act then as if she was a victim of tremors and hallucinations. She did not expect the resurrection of Jesus from the dead and she does not imagine that fact as the explanation of the empty tomb. She was the last at the Cross and the first at the tomb and shows keen interest in the empty tomb as a probable desecration. Her witness does not come from a woman who is a nervous wreck.

John's Gospel (20:11-19) gives the marvellous picture of Mary in her interview with the risen Christ. She was standing outside weeping as she paused a moment before looking into the tomb. Peter and John had gone and Mary



knew nothing of John's intuitive conclusion that the Lord was risen (John 20:8). She finally stooped and looked through her tears into the empty tomb. Amazed she saw two angels in the tomb, clad in white, sitting one at the head and the other at the foot. For some reason Peter and John did not see these angels, though the other women had seen them (Mark 16:5-8; Matt. 28:5-8; Luke 24:4-8). Luke speaks of "two men," while Mark mentions only one "young man sitting on the right side." Matthew calls this *man* an *angel*. It is not pertinent therefore to say that Mary Magdalene just imagined that she saw the angles. What about the other women? Mary Magdalene knew nothing at all of their experience. Mary Magdalene told the same story to the angels that she had given to Peter and John. Her fear was that enemies of Christ had robbed the grave of the body of Jesus.

Why did Mary Magdalene turn back at this juncture? Her eyes were full of blinding tears and not expecting to see Jesus, the Risen Christ. In the case of Cleopas and his companion their eyes were holden so that they did not recognize Jesus (Luke 24:16). Mark has it that Jesus appeared in "another form" (16:12). At any rate Mary has a new idea no more right than the other one. She suspects that the gardener has merely moved the body of Jesus to another tomb for a fresh burial in this tomb. There is the utmost pathos and tenderness in her words: "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Her mind is still all bent on honoring the body of Jesus with no hope of his resurrection. That was her reply to the question of Jesus: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" There is no indication of the sudden revelation that came to Mary Magdalene first of all. It came clearly from no psychological peculiarity of Mary Magdalene. Her mind was all turned in another direction.

In moments of great tragedy, of sorrow, of joy, one can say very little. Words come with difficulty and fail to express the deep emotion felt. Jesus said simply, "Mariam" as the Greek has it, the Aramaic form of the name. He spoke it with the accent that she knew and loved. There was no mistaking his voice, now she saw with undimmed eyes. Her mind was no longer holden and Jesus was not in another form. When he stood before her, her theories of grave robbery and then of the removal of the body by the gardener vanished like mist before the sun. And yet what can she say? There was only one word to utter. It was "Rabboni," likewise in Aramaic, "My Lord," "My Rabbi," "My Master." This word told it all. Mary Magdalene confronted the Risen Christ with dignity, with faith, with joy.

Mary Magdalene did not restrain a natural impulse to take hold of Jesus, to put her hands upon him, to cling to him in joy. But this was going too far. Jesus did allow the other women to clasp his feet as they worshipped him (Matthew 28:9). So he said to Mary Magdalene, "Cease clinging to me." He explains why he is

still here: "For I am not yet ascended to the Father." It is not as it once was and his body is in a transition state before he is glorified. Probably Mary Magdalene could not comprehend this clearly, though she did not demur.

But Jesus had a message for Mary to carry to the brethren: "Say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God." He has brought a new conception of God to the Father and now he links the disciples with him in the glorious fellowship. It is the Son of God in a sense not true of others, but Jesus calls us his *brothers* with the same Father, God.

It was a message of mystery and of joy. Mary Magdalene added some words of her own as she told it. It was the most wonderful message ever brought by merely human lips, "I have seen the Lord." This was her crown of glory. It should have brought untold joy to all, but they were not ready to believe Mary's story. They "disbelieved her" (Mark 16:11), possibly thinking Mary had the demons back again. They were mourning and weeping (Mark 16:10), but the talk of the women was "idle talk" (Luke 24:10, 22).

Mary Magdalene's story was confirmed by that of Simon Peter (Luke 24:34; 1 Corinthians 15:5) and that brought conviction. But she was right before Simon Peter bore his witness. John has evidently taken joy in painting the noble picture of Mary Magdalene as she carried the glad news of the Risen Lord. She is the first herald of the Gospel of the Risen Christ, the messenger that has brought cheer to the world.

## Great News

(Continued from page 938)

pathy of a frank humanity; that he fought the temptations with them and put his finger on their besetting sins more unerringly than they did themselves; that under all the strokes of fate and in the last bitterness of death he was ever beside them, consoling them and fortifying them with the assurance of the unfailing love and mercy of a living Lord."

And *David Dickson!* David Dickson all stands associated with a certain element in spiritual romance. His parents had longed for a boy; had prayed for one; and had pledged their word that, if a boy were born to them, he should be devoted to the work of the ministry. A boy was born: they forgot their vows and made a merchant of him! But everything was wrong with them. They suffered loss after loss; disaster dogged their steps at every turn. They remembering their pledge, they sent David to College and he soon became its greatest ornament. After a most distinguished academic career, he settled as minister of Irwine. And then, to quote from an old chronicle of the period, "folk crowded to Irwine from all places in the land, yea, even from England. For there Mr. Dickson opened up the Covenant of Redemption more clearly and distinctly than any that had gone before."

m. He was a great instrument in the work of the conversion of the people."

He afterwards became Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and later still, Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh. But it was as minister of Irwine that he won the heart of Scotland. As Sir Hugh Campbell put it, "the Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh was truly a great man; and the Professor of Divinity at Glasgow was a still greater man; but the minister of Irwine was the greatest man of all!" And it is with David Dickson as minister of Irwine that we are now concerned.

And *Robert Blair!* The finest thing that I know about Robert Blair is that he was the intimate and trusted companion of both Rutherford and Dickson. "He was considered the wisest man in Scotland," one of his contemporaries declares. And when Mr. Rutherford died his glorious and seraphic death, it was Mr. Blair whom he called to his bedside and into Mr. Blair's ears that he breathed the triumphant words that Mrs. Cousin has so exquisitely paraphrased:

I've wrestled on towards Heaven,  
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide:  
Now, like a weary traveler  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp,  
Now these lie all behind me;  
Oh for a well-tuned harp!  
Oh! to join Hallelujah!  
With yon triumphant band,  
Who sing, where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

These were the three men — the bravest and choicest spirits of their time — whom old Janet often commended to her young master as he set out on his momentous expedition.

"Go and hear them for auld Janet's sake!" she pleaded.

"I shall have to humor her!" he smilingly rejoined, as he tucked the little slip of paper away among his memoranda.

And neither Janet Aitken nor Richard Luckhurst suspected that, long after all the other documents in the merchant's wallet had become obsolete and meaningless, the crumpled sheet bearing the three great names would, like a sachet of choicest perfume, be flinging its fragrance out a dusty world.

### III.

Yet so it was. Mr. Luckhurst lived to be a very old man, an honored alderman of the great city whose commerce he adorned. But the influence of that visit to Scotland colored all his days. "Dinna forget!" Janet had called from the pavement that day; and certainly he never

did. Janet slipped quietly away a year or two later; and Mr. Luckhurst buried her. But, to the end of his days, two beautiful memories dwelt intertwined within his soul — the memory of his visit to Scotland and the memory of his old nurse.

Happily, the story of that visit to Scotland has been carefully preserved. It is embalmed in the fascinating pages of Robert Wodrow's *Analecta*. Wodrow, who has earned the gratitude of all subsequent generations by recording with such painstaking care the moving incidents of that stirring time, thought so much of the story that he gives it twice — once in the second volume of the *Analecta* and once in the third.

When Mr. Luckhurst returned from Scotland, his friends gathered about him to hear of his experiences.

"And have you any news from Scotland?" they enquired.

"Great and good news!" he replied.

They pressed him to speak in detail of his adventures.

He narrated some of the political and commercial developments, and then proceeded to tell, with sparkling eyes, an experience of another kind. "I went," he said, "to St. Andrews, where I heard a sweet and stately-looking man, Blair by name, and he shewed me the Majesty of God. He exhibited the divine Sovereignty and Glory in a way that I had never beheld before. In the afternoon of that same day, I heard a little fair man, Rutherford by name, and he moved and melted my whole heart by shewing me the Loveliness of Christ. And then, next day, I went to Irwine where I heard a well-favored, proper old man, with a long white beard, and that old man — Dickson by name — shewed me all my heart."

The sweet and stately-looking man, Blair by name, shewed him, as never before, *the Majesty of God!*

The little fair man, Rutherford by name, shewed him, as never before, *the Loveliness of Christ!*

The well-favored old man with the long white beard, Dickson by name, shewed him, as never before, *all his heart!*

The remarkable thing is, Wodrow observes, that each of these impressions is so strikingly characteristic of the men concerned. For, he says, "it was Mr. Blair's particular talent to make men tremble before the Throne of the Eternal;" Mr. Dickson was "more famed than any man of his time in speaking to cases of conscience;" and as to Mr. Rutherford, "his hearers used to think that he would fly out of his pulpit when he began to speak of the beauty of Christ, the Rose of Sharon: he was never in his element but when he was speaking of his Saviour, and commending Him to others." "The whole General Assembly of Scotland," Wodrow adds "could not have given a better character of these three preachers than this London merchant gave." Is it any wonder that he became "an excellent

(Continued on page 974)



## Illustrations

*A Sermon Without Illustrations is Like a House Without Windows*

### Pearls for Preachers

WILLIAM J. HART, D.D.

#### BEING A DAUGHTER

**Psalm 144:12.** "That our daughters may be as corner stones."

Being a daughter's not an easy thing —

The sort of daughter that I'd like to be:  
Unselfish, patient, always quick to bring

The comfort needed; keen enough to see  
The longings hard to guess at, and fulfill them,  
The lonelinesses and the fears, and still them.

Being a daughter's not an easy thing —

I've always really wanted my own way.  
And so it's hard to keep remembering

That what seems right and good to us today,  
To older minds brings horror and alarm,  
Although it may not have a bit of harm!

Being a daughter's not an easy thing —

Putting aside rebellion, eagerness;  
For, though some days I long to have my fling,  
I know that the old path of loveliness,  
Of quietness and calm, sweet dignity,  
Is better than those roads more gay to see.

Being a daughter's not an easy thing —

The sort of daughter that I'd like to be:  
To share my rose, keep to myself the sting,  
And show a face of calm serenity;  
Being a daughter — it's a task severe,  
But it's my favorite choice of a career!

— *Mary Carolyn Davies, in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

#### DEDICATED TO MOTHER

**Psalm 116:16.** "O Lord, . . . I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid."

Howard A. Kelly, M.D., thus dedicates his book, "A Scientific Man and the Bible:"

To

My First and Best Friend  
Guide of My Youth  
Inspiration and Strength  
of My Maturer Years  
and Crown of My Approaching  
Three Score Years and Ten  
My Mother

#### GOD'S HAND ON MOTHER'S HEAD

**Judges 5:7.** "A Mother in Israel."

E. F. Benson closes his beautiful book, entitled "Mother," which sketches the life of the

wife of Archbishop Benson, with these choicest tender words:

"She had died as she always hoped she might. She had just got to bed on Saturday night, when God's hand was laid on her head. There was nothing left of her here but the small sweet room in which her spirit had dwelled. She had no more use for it, and had left it behind.

"I thank God for her dear love, and her shining life, and her swift death."

#### A TRIBUTE TO HIS PARENTS

**Exodus 20:12.** "Honor thy father and mother."

Seldom has there been a finer tribute to father and mother than that uttered by President Marshall when he said:

"I have met nearly all of the great men and women of America who have been prominent in the last forty years; I have seen and conversed with a great many of the illustrious ones flitting across the sea; and I do not hesitate to place this wreath upon the tomb where rest the ashes of my father and my mother: Among all the sons and daughters of men that I have known there have been many of larger vision, many of finer education, many of more potent influence in the affairs of men, but there have been none with finer spirits, if consecration to duty, love of humanity, and veneration of God are to be the marks of the perfect man and the perfect woman."

#### CHARLEY'S PRAYER

**Isaiah 66:13.** "As one whom his mother comforts, so will I comfort you."

A little boy in New York City, whose name was Charley, became separated from his mother one way out in the outskirts, and was picked up by a police officer. The little fellow was crying. The officer took him to his station, where he was reported. They found out from the little fellow where he lived, and one of the officers told him when he went off duty at twelve o'clock he would take him home. Then he stopped crying. He was taken into the sergeant's office, and told to lie down and go to sleep, and in a little while they would take him home. There was a sort of couch in the corner with one or two cushions on it. The little fellow went over to it, but soon came back and stood in front of the sergeant's desk. He said to him: "Go and lie down, sergeant; boy; it's all right. We will take you back in a little while." He went back, but he did not

down. By and by he came back again, and he seemed so restless that the officer said: "Why, what is the matter with you?" The little fellow said: "Would you mind, sir, if I said my prayers, as I do at home?" The officer did not mind, but it was a little new to this particular man. The little fellows stepped over to the other side of the office, and, kneeling down by the couch with his little face upturned toward heaven, he said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And then a little jump onto the couch, and Charley was happy and content. There was quiet in that police station then. The officers took off their hats and bowed their heads, while tears trickled down their cheeks.—*Forward.*

### LIVING IN GOD'S TIME

John 4:38. "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors."

There is a story told in the life of Wendell Phillips. He and a young friend had been sitting by the fire for a whole evening. Memory had flushed the cheeks of the veteran abolitionist; the heroic days of the long ago came rushing back upon him; his tongue was unloosed and the old man completely lost himself in the thrilling recital. At last he realized that the evening was gone. And he rose to leave. As he took the old man's hand, he said, "Mr. Phillips, if I had lived in your time, I think I should have been heroic, too." And the veteran was aroused, and replied: "Young man, you are living in my time, and in God's time. And be sure of this: no man could have been heroic then, who is not heroic now. Good night." So it is. We are still living in heroic times. "Others have labored, and we have entered into their labors."—*Dr. Andrew Mulch.*

### MAJOR MILLER'S COURAGEOUS LEADERSHIP

2 Tim. 2:3. "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

If you are ever inclined to think that the pressure of daily life is too hard, that you are too fagged to "carry on," it may hearten you to think of the story of Major Miller. He was leading his battalion in the front line of the American advance through the Argonne Forest. After two days of intense physical and mental strain, it was his duty to lead his men against a strong enemy position south of Gesnes, September 28, 1918. He was almost exhausted from the efforts of preceding days, but reorganized his battalion with his usual energy and ordered an attack. The German fire, from both machine guns and artillery, was very heavy, when our troops reached open ground they began to waver. Major Miller led his command group forward between the front-line companies, encouraging his men by his fearless leadership. Major Miller was wounded in the right leg, but staggered on. Shortly afterward he was shot in

the right arm, but continued the charge, cheering his men onward through a severe machine-gun fusillade. Just before the objective was reached he received a wound in the stomach, which forced him to the ground, but he ordered his men to push on to the next ridge and leave him where he lay. This gallant officer died of his wounds a few days later.—"*General Pershing's One Hundred Heroes*," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

### FROM BIRTH TO BATTLE

Psalm 26:1. "For I have walked in mine integrity."

After the Great War, we are told by F. O. Salisbury, of the Royal Academy, an artist was called upon to paint a number of panels for a war memorial. The subject was to be such as should prove an inspiration and comfort to the many parents of the fallen. The only restriction given him was that it should be "a story" and no khaki. The artist evolved many ideas, but arrived at nothing satisfactory, and at the end of several days' work he went to bed in despair. In the morning there was a letter for him from a stranger. She said: "I do not write poetry, but I have just written these lines, which I feel I must send to you. It was a *story* of her child until he grew to manhood and fell in battle."

#### Infancy

Love's consummation, God's Almighty hand,  
Their mite toward the manhood of the land.

#### Duty's Call

A man among brave men, vindicating  
Honor, truth and right.

#### Sacrifice

He took his stand, impetuous in the fray,  
And, without a backward glance,  
Loyally gave his life away."

"These few lines from the poem," said Mr. Salisbury, "will suffice to show that was exactly what the artist needed, and may seem extraordinary, but it is more significant than a mere coincidence coming at the psychological or psychic moment."

### COMFORT FOR AUTHOR AND READERS

2 Cor. 7:13. "Therefore we were comforted in your comfort."

An impressively personal paragraph is found in the preface to "My Faith in Immortality," by Dr. William E. Barton. The author there wrote:

"This volume was written for the comfort of others, and not to express any personal sorrow on the part of the author. From such sorrow his life had been relatively free. A thousand times he had stood beside the grave. For forty years he had preached to others a gospel of comfort, and during that whole time death had not entered his own door. On the morning of November 7, 1925, when the final touches were put on the manuscript, and the wrapped package lay upon the desk awaiting the expressman to convey it to the publisher, no shadow was seen to impend above his own home. Before the day ended, the wife of his youth, well beloved for forty happy years, lay dead. While no page of this book was



written as an expression of the author's own grief, the proof-sheets have been read in the shadow of a great personal bereavement. The faith which he has preached to others, the faith which she cherished, is the author's own comfort."

This beautiful tribute was then added by Dr. Barton: "If the pure in heart see God, hers is a radiant vision."

### GROWING SUNWARD

Heb. 12:1, 2. "Let us lay aside every weight."

... "Looking unto Jesus."

When the early voyagers, whale hunters and the like were smitten by the Antarctic blizzards, and lost their masts and staggered into a Maoriland harbor, they found these (the Kauri) lordly trees offered them what the Northern hemisphere could not offer. Nelson's three deckers did not carry such masts. The Kauri leaps from the forest floor straight as an arrow. For 120 feet no branch disturbs the symmetry of the column, no knot tangles the tense grain of the wood. The dapple of the bark flakes gives a glory such as the chisel of the mason misses. These are pillars of God's cathedral. The eye can see no woodland sight so satisfying as the Kauri tree.

The reasons for its singular perfections seem to be taken from the Gospels and the Epistles. Ask questions of this king of the forest. Why, for instance, is he and only he so perfectly straight? Other trees bend to prevailing winds, or are warped and twisted through wasting rivalries with neighbor trees. But never the Kauri. The reason lies in his perfect mastery of the word, "This one thing I do." He is an inveterate sun worshipper. He springs from the earth seeking the directest route to heaven. He is aware of the sun though the dense growths hide him. He seeks till, lifting his head above all other trees, he finds. Nothing diverts this seeker from his quest. He therefore finds.

But why does this tree alone among the trees keep his bark from parasites, from mosses and lichens and creeping ferns that make other trees to sicken? The parasites try to live on the Kauri as on other trees, but only the Kauri knows how "to cast aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset." The Kauri holds his bark cheap. Every year he strips off in great scales his harness, and with it fall the baffled parasites. The new bark is so tense that the seeds of the parasites can find no rooting there. No cathedral pillar is cleaner than the column of this determined tree.—*Principal North, of New Zealand College, in the British Weekly.*

### THE SICK BOY'S "NEIGHBOR"

Luke 10:29. "And who is my neighbor?"

#### A True Story From Barnsley

Several years ago a Barnsley doctor had amongst his patients a lad in a poverty-stricken home, who was so ill that it was necessary to pay a special visit every morning at the early hour of 7:30 a.m. One morning the doctor encountered the then Rector of Barnsley, already a man of crowded life, on his way to catch the early train. After the usual courtesies the rector learnt the reason

of the doctor's early visit, and then continued way to the station.

Next morning the doctor paid his usual call and found the lad grasping a post card which was already grubby with the marks of his fingers. The post card bore a sketch of two men dogs engaged in a terrible conflict. Excitedly the boy showed it to the doctor, with the remark, "My neighbor drew this for me." The next morning there was another drawing of a man on a runaway bicycle, and every morning the doctor had to inspect a new sketch. As the boy lingered the slowly grew a picture gallery round the bedroom wall, each card bearing some scene of quiet humorous action. When the boy died his mother gathered them and placed them amongst her most treasured possessions.

Then the doctor heard the story. Every morning since his meeting with the rector there had been another and earlier caller at that poor home. The rector had risen earlier in order that he might have time, before leaving town on his ecclesiastical business, to see the lad, and had sat at the bedside drawing with wonderful skill some living picture on a simple plain post card. And the boy had looked up at him and asked, "Who are you?" and the gaitered, black-coated rector, whose ecclesiastical silk hat lay on the foot of the bed, had replied every time the question was asked, "I am your neighbor." So it happened that as the lad lingered in pain and restlessness he was ever comforted by the thought that morning would bring another visit from "his neighbor."

Dr. Foxley Norris, now Dean of Westminster, was that Rector of Barnsley, and the wife of the doctor in question told the story in a Barnsley Free Church.—*T.L.G. in the British Weekly.*

### QUEEN MARY WITH THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

John 2:5. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

Queen Mary, of England, has more than ordinary natural shrinking from the sight of pain and human mutilation, Kathleen Woodard has said. Yet this happened. She was visiting a hospital which had a sailor patient, with almost the whole front of his face burnt away. Only to see the man was an ordeal, even to members of the staff; and so great was his consciousness of the horror of his appearance that the patient had lost all his confidence.

The head of the hospital approached Her Majesty thus: "We think if you could possibly sit and talk with him for a little while without betraying any consciousness of his appearance, it would do him more good than anything else in the world." So for a long time the Queen sat alone talking with the patient in his room, "looking straight into his face, sitting near enough to touch him."

The significance of the story and its relation to the whole of Queen Mary's career is in her afterthought: "It was indescribable; but then, of course, there simply is nothing one can't do." "*The Life Story of the Queen of England*" in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

## PRINCE PLAYED PART OF GOOD SAMARITAN

**Luke 10:33, 34.** "And when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him."

A motor cyclist had been injured on the main road near Woodford Green, when a car bearing Prince Henry drew up. Having made inquiry, the Prince took the injured man to Waltham Abbey War Memorial Cottage Hospital, six miles distant.

"I'm sure this is the hospital I opened four years ago," said the Prince, as he was about to leave. Then, for the first time, he was recognized. But he quickly added: "Please 'phone me at Buckingham Palace tomorrow morning, and let me know how the patient is progressing."

## A FRIENDLY SERENADE

**Proverbs 27:17.** "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in one of his reminiscent moments said that the thing that touched him most deeply in his political life was the impromptu serenade given him by the townspeople of Nahant shortly after his election to Congress in 1886. His words have been preserved for us in the volume by Charles S. Groves, as follows: "New England in November, particularly along the coast," said Senator Lodge, "is not the most delightful month of the year and it seemed to me that it was unusually cold and bleak at Nahant in the autumn of 1886. The summer colony had departed, but, as usual, I stayed late. Entirely unknown to me the townspeople arranged the celebration in my honor, and the first I knew of it was when the approach of the parade was announced by the music of the band. The whole town had turned out and I made a little speech from the veranda. That incident stands out in my memory as touching me more deeply than anything else in my political life, for it was so unexpected, so warm and sincere."

## NOT ALL BRAVE DEEDS

**Judges 7:21.** "They stood every man in his place."

Not all brave deeds are done in war,  
Not every hero wears the bay;  
There's many a hidden wound and scar  
That never sees the light of day.

There's many a simple son of toil  
Who rests not till his strength is gone;  
There's many a daughter of the soil —  
"A woman's work is never done!"

In slum and suburb, church and mart,  
In hospital, at bench and bar,  
'Mid cloistered groves in realms of art —  
There our unhonored heroes are.

Wise men and foolish, sinners, saints,  
Gods of this world and worlds afar:  
Their courage falters not nor faints.  
Not all brave deeds are done in war.

— Edwin Pugh, in the Observer.

## Broadening the Appeal

(Continued from page 943)

A study of sermon subjects announced in the newspapers indicate why more than half the people of America never trouble to hear them. These sermon subjects are "smart." But they do not touch life. A woman once complained to me that just before undertaking a long journey which at her time of life was hazardous, she went to church. She wanted to hear a sermon about God and immortality. She actually heard a sermon on "How to Have a Vacation." She declared that she knew more about having a vacation than the minister did. And just for that she did not go to church again for a long time.

Just now popularized science pours off the press and is about to nose the fiction literature of the time to a second place on the book tables. You know the various titles that could be mentioned in this connection. Once science was confined to the people that went to college. Now hundreds of thousands of people know that there are stars shining on us whose light has been a million of years reaching us, though it travels 186,000 miles a second. They read of distances so vast that the human imagination is helpless. They have learned that the basis of the universe is an electron. An electron is not a unit of "matter," but a unit of force. Matter and force seem to be transposed one from the other. To find a place in such a universe for some of the old-time religious conceptions is difficult, if not impossible. What does the pulpit do to lay the foundations of a rational faith in this year of 1927? When the pulpit makes even an honest try at this job, it will have a new audience.

The truth of the business is that worship, the primary function of the minister, the thing in which he has practically no competition, is the thing that he is apt to do about the worst of anything. In one church in the middle west is a church that used to start worship by ringing a Sunday school call bell to stop conversation in the convective. The music and the sermon are not chosen to produce a unified effect. That section of the community which loves good music and wants things done decently and in order is offended at the looseness of most of the evangelical worship in America.

Why should the church not make itself the center for adult re-education? The old distinction between sacred and secular is one that has wrought much harm to the cause of religion. The idea that it is a secular interest to bring a group of men together to hear what is wrong in China or Mexico, while it would be a sacred interest to tell them about the latest denominational convention is utterly fallacious.

Nor should the church sit silently by while big community questions are being settled. It might well be the minister in many communities who would start the movement for a better salary for the grade school teachers or who would call attention to the need of a new building for the library or the high school. The co-ordination



of social forces in many communities could be accomplished if the churches would take some lead.

In our town we have a Community Council in which are represented the women's clubs, the schools, the churches and the various uplift organizations. This has helped the town to see itself whole as few towns do. We have become painfully conscious of our lack of many things. All of this has come about through the leadership of the socially-minded churches. It is an interesting fact that the Catholic church, as well as the Protestant churches, has joined in this Community Council to study the community good.

Now I do not say that after decades of estrangement of the "friendly citizen" from the churches that he may be suddenly won to them by any change of front. To begin with, the denominational factor is not likely to be eliminated in this generation. And in the second place, church tradition is strong enough that any minister will find difficulty in changing his methods suddenly.

But I am convinced that the church must be as big as life itself if it is to have the influence over the lives of men that it should. It must not only save brands from burning. It must put out the fire. It must not only preach salvation. It must leave first principles once in awhile and go on to perfection, to quote our great apostle. We should hope that there would be no spiritual enthusiasm, no genuine desire for human uplift in the community which would not find in the church sympathy and encouragement.

## Great News

Christian" and adorned, through a long and useful life, the noble faith that then made its home in his heart?

### IV.

Janet did not know, but the records make it abundantly clear, that these three men — Blair, Rutherford and Dickson — were bosom friends, and, whilst each had his own peculiar quality of grace, each wonderfully enriched the other two and, at the same time, drew from them the treasure that they were so well fitted to impart.

Thus, for example, whenever the little fair man, Rutherford by name, who talks so rapturously about the *Loveliness of Christ*, thinks of David Dickson — the well-favored old man with the long white beard, who showed Mr. Luckhurst *all his heart* — he automatically and instinctively turned his eyes inward. Thus, I find him writing to Mr. Dickson:

"You do not know me. If you saw my inner side, you would pity me, but you would give me neither love nor respect: men mistake me by the whole length of the heavens. My sins prevail over me and the terrors of their guiltiness. I am the chief of sinners."

When Mr. Rutherford thinks of Robert Blair, the sweet and stately-looking preacher who showed Mr. Luckhurst the *Majesty of God*, finds his mind filled with regal and kingly images. To Mr. Blair he writes concerning "my High and Lofty One, my Princely and Royal Master," and so on.

And, in return for the salutary influence which they exerted upon him, Samuel Rutherford embellished the lives and ministries of Dickson and Blair by his reiteration of his own distinctive message. He "poured into their hearts the sweetness of Christ."

His letters to Mr. Dickson overflow with transports on his "most excellent, altogether glorious and adorable Redeemer." His Saviour's presence, he says, turns his prison into a house of wine and he rises in the night to express his ecstasy in songs of joyous praise.

And the *Loveliness of Christ* was still his theme when he summoned Mr. Blair to his death-bed. He was in sore trouble. Persecution had blazed out afresh. He had been deprived of his office and ordered to appear once more before Parliament of Edinburgh. "He much regretted," says John Livingstone, "that he was unable to go and suffer still further for the truth he maintained; but the Lord prevented this from blood-guiltiness from falling upon Scotland, taking His servant to Himself in peace."

They've summoned me before them,

But there I may not come:

My Lord says "Come up hither,"

My Lord says "Welcome home!"

My kingly King, at His white throne,

My presence doth command,

Where glory, glory dwelleth

In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of Anwoth,

I used to count them blest;

Now beside happier altars

I go to build my nest:

O'er these there broods no silence,

No graves around them stand;

For glory, deathless, dwelleth

In Immanuel's land.

His face shone. "Oh, that I could make you understand," he cried, "what a Master I have served! I have been a wretched, sinful man."

### Opportunity

The key of yesterday

I threw away,

And now, too late,

Before tomorrow's close-locked gate

Helpless I stand—in vain to pray!

In vain to sorrow!

Only the key of yesterday

Unlocks tomorrow.

# PASTOR AND THE YOUNG PEOPLE



## TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR MOTHERS' DAY

1. Thou shalt always be true to thy mother and her sex, for in thy childhood and youth she was thee "the first lady of the land."
2. Thou shalt lovingly hearken unto the words thy mother, that her heart may rejoice and be glad in the Lord to set thee a Christian example.
3. Thou shalt not cause thy mother to grieve, neither shall harsh words escape thy lips in her presence or elsewhere.
4. Thou shalt not neglect to correspond with thy mother after thou livest in a home of thine own.
5. Thou shalt be patient and kind when in the presence of thy mother, for it will lengthen the days of her blessing unto thee in the far-off land where thou shalt dwell.
6. Thou shalt not deceive thy mother in word or deed, that her love may not depart from thee during all the days of thy life.
7. Thou shalt cause thy mother to be happy by visiting her in the evening time of her life and telling her what a good Samaritan she has been to thee and to thy children.
8. Thou shalt always cover the human frailties of thy mother with charity, and remember that she knows how to appreciate a bouquet of flowers during her lifetime more than after she is in her coffin.
9. Thou shalt first and last kiss thy mother when thou sittest down, and risest up to depart from under her roof. It shall be unto her and unto thee and unto thy family a savor of life unto life of precious memory.
10. Thou shalt always hold in sacred remembrance the prayers of thy mother. Down through the years to come her prayers and tears will be to thee and unto thy children a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to help lead thee and thy household to her home in heaven.

## MOTHER

Patient and kind, loving and good,  
 Always generous and fair,  
 Watching o'er youth with yearning eye,  
 Safeguarding youth with care;  
 Living for others, forgetting self,  
 Cheerful, when others despair—  
 Sweet little mother, "May God bless you,"  
 Is your daughter's earnest prayer.

—Lucy Clayton Newman

## DIDN'T HAVE MY MOTHER

A grave infringement of school discipline was under review. The violator of the law was about to

be expelled. Her perfectly law-abiding friend appeared before the faculty with a plea for mercy. Great deference was shown this voluntary and upright advocate for the defense.

"But, Mary," a lady principal asked, "what ought to be done with this flagrant lawbreaker?"

"Why, I do not know, Miss Blank," was the plaintive and beautiful reply. "She didn't have my mother."

Just possibly a good many of us would be more charitable toward erring youth, particularly those of our own household, and more careful about them, if we were as wise as that college girl of lovely filial piety.

More than one intolerant father, instead of brutally denouncing his wayward son, or berating him with such pharisaism as, "Boys were not like you in my day; I wasn't," might grow savingly patient and kind in his firmness if, when he looks at his disappointing son, he should remember, "He didn't have my father."

Children may or may not be better than children used to be; but are parents? Is it only a clever quip that "there is as much domestic discipline now as there ever was, but it has changed hands."—*Rev. Ira Landrith, D.D.*

## MOTHER AND SON

There is a young man in New York who is becoming an influence for good in his community. Not long ago he took some letters from his pocket and handing one to his mother, said, "That letter will interest you, mother." He was referring to a letter recently received about his work. But he soon saw she had opened a different letter—a yellow, crumpled sheet—a note she had written him when he was eight years old, the first time he had been separated from her. It breathed the same thoughts and prayers that lie in the hearts of all mothers. She had forgotten she had ever written it.

The young man was embarrassed for a moment when he saw what she held. Then he said: "That is the most priceless possession I have. I am going to carry it in my pocket as long as I live. I have been tempted to do some rotten things in my life, and just the consciousness that I had that message in my pocket, and that it came out of your heart, has steered me straight most of the time."

Here is that mother's message, which the boy carried in his pocket until he became a man:

Get up when called in the morning.

Wash before dressing.

Wash your teeth. A clean mouth belongs to a clean heart.



Be obedient. Remember the world would be crushed into pieces if it did not obey the law of God. And you must suffer if you do not obey.

Be truthful. Only cowards lie. You are not a coward.

Be kind. It is the greatest gift in the world.

Don't forget that you have promised to do some kind act every day.

Wash your face and hands before going to the table.

Remember that your father is a gentleman. In his absence it is up to you to prove it. A gentleman is kind and truthful and clean and quiet.

Be interested in everything. Have a good time.

Remember that I love you with all my heart.

Say your prayers. Ask God to keep your heart clean and brave and true and your body well for

*Your Mother*

### KNIGHTS OF CHI BETA

(Knights of Christ's Kingdom)

REV. PROF. G. FRANK BURNS

Chi—X—Christos

Beta—B—Basileia

Third Degree

*The Court of Achievement*

Requirements:

1. Attend both morning and evening services.
2. Be a member of some Young People's Society.
3. Memorize the Beatitudes. Matt. 5:3-12.
4. Do not smoke.
5. Make and invest \$5.00.
6. Standing jump — 5 feet.
7. Hike four miles without resting.
8. Sleep with windows open — winter and summer.
9. Do chores at home.
10. Name ten important cities in the United States.
11. Write a short essay explaining the first and second degrees.
12. Memorize a short poem of your choice, preferably Kipling's "If."
13. Write character sketch of (1) Peter, (2) John, (3) Lydia.
14. Give brief accounts of three great men.
15. What is the Morning Watch? What is its value?
16. Write a letter to your mother, if living.

Initiation (Candidate, blindfolded, is led to the door of the room where the Director gives three distinct raps which are answered by the Inside Guardian): "Who comes there?"

Director: "A candidate, -----, who has passed through successfully the Courts of Honor and Mercy and desires to try himself in the Court of Achievement."

Inside Guardian: "Has he qualified himself in the requirements of this degree?"

Director: "He has."

Inside Guardian: "By what further right does he come seeking entrance into this Court?"

Director: "By the right of the Cross."

Inside Guardian: "Then the Grand Knight bids him enter, but begs him to be alert at all times."

Grand Knight (approaching with the Cross): "Here is your guide, the Cross, which will be your safety, if kept in your possession. In the Cross Christ we glory, therefore, cling to the Cross. By no means, lose sight of the Cross."

Director: "My friend, the road before us is most dangerous we have travelled. I am afraid that our lives will be in danger ere we reach the Palace of the King. In these mountains the Knight of Darkness makes his home." Allow to remove all obstacles so that we may pick our way more carefully. (Removes the blindfold) is growing darker (Lights are turned out). Stay your feet — I hear a noise in the distance, the step of a man." (The Knight of Darkness is seen with a flashlight, stealthily approaching.)

Knight of Darkness: "I want the password from the King. I must have it, if I am forced to threaten the life of this youngster. Where is my dagger?"

Director: "What are you doing here, Knight of Darkness? It seems that in all places we come upon you. What do you want?"

Knight of Darkness: "I want the password from the Palace of the King. I must have it now, the life of this boy. Prepare to die, for I mean business. (He starts toward the candidate, but at the cry of alarm from the Director, the King's Guard appear upon the scene, and the Knight of Darkness flees.)

Director: "Now that he is gone we must hasten on our way — 'The heights by great men, reached and kept, were not attained by sudden flight, I say, while their companions slept, were toiled upward in the night.' Ho, whom have we here, dressed up in fine clothes? Who are you?"

The World: "I am the world and I must have this boy. The road over which he travels is hard for him. I have a nice Palace where he may be happy all his days. Will he come of his own free will, or must I force him to come?"

Director: "He is determined to reach and enter the Palace of the King and must not be molested. So, out of our way."

The World: "Not so fast, my friend." (A shrill whistle brings the Knight of Darkness upon the scene.) Here are the chains — bind him to the tree. Now for the password or his life."

Knight of Darkness: "Son, will you give me this password, or must we take your life — (He does not finish the sentence, as the King's Guard appears and the two flee away).

Director: "Again we are free to continue our journey. (They walk twice around the room as the Director talking all the time.) "Hello! what have we here? He looks like the King, and behold, he has a crown in his hand — All hail the King."

False King: "All hail; welcome to our Palace. Here is the boy's crown. Place it upon his head — Now, conduct him within."

King's Guard, marching up quickly hail the "Wait, this is not the Palace of our King. This is the false King and he will put you to death just after your entrance. Seize him." (They seize him and bind him.)

(They continue their journey until they reach

the Palace of the King, where candidate is caused to kneel for prayer.) "O King, I have come to Thee for the Crown. The way has been rough and many have been the temptations that I have overcome. I have not achieved this with mine own strength, but in Thy strength, O King. I desire to be a Knight worthy of Thy name in order that I may serve Thee in time in the Court Service."

The King: "I have heard thy prayer and shall give thee the Crown, but I cannot give it thee now. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I shall give thee the Crown of Life.' I shall permit you to carry this Cross, however, which will assist you in securing the Crown. You will, therefore, take upon yourself this obligation: 'I, -----, promise that I shall not reveal the secrets of this degree to any one outside of the brotherhood. I also promise that I shall always strive to battle all tempters who try to entice me away from the truth. I shall follow the guidance of the real King. With my whole heart I make these promises.'"

(The Candidate is given light and the Grand Knight gives him the lecture of this degree — which is a review of the work through which he has just passed.) The password, salute, and grip are given him. (Find way out of room blindfolded.)

Password — (SS) — Last two letters of Cross.  
Salute — Hands crossed directed upward in front of face.

Signal at door — Three distinct raps.

#### A MOTHER'S DAY SERMONETTE

Rev. Wesley G. Huber

The organist is going to help the pastor preach the sermon today. He (she) is going to play a hymn which all of your know children know very well. And perhaps some of you know it by heart. You are very careful and listen with all your might you may be able to tell what it is. As soon as he has played the bass part of the hymn and you have guessed what it is, just raise your hand. But don't tell anybody else. You haven't been able to guess it? Well, we'll give you another try. The organist will play the tenor part.

Isn't that strange that you haven't been able to tell what it was. Because it's such a familiar piece. Now he'll play the alto section of the hymn. You haven't guessed yet? Of course you will know now, when he plays the soprano part. You do know now! Of course! It's "Faith of Our Mothers."

You have heard a quartette perhaps in which the four singers were trying to sing solos. And didn't sound very well. There must be co-operation. Co-operation is a Big Word but it just means working together. And we are to work together for good and God! We can't sing the four parts of a simple hymn all by ourselves. We can't do much in the home if we work or play just by ourselves. We must co-operate.

After a Sunday morning service in which the organist played some very beautiful music, the boy who pumped the organ came out and said, "My, but we played beautifully this morning."

But the organist said, "I'd have you understand, I played." The next Sunday morning in the very middle of a beautiful chorus number the wind gave out. The organist was frantic and he signalled to the boy to keep on pumping. Just about this time the boy stuck his head out from behind the screen and said, "Who played?"

This is "Mother's Day" and in her honor we want to sing together "Faith of Our Mothers," but instead of singing "Father," we'll sing "Mother." Before we do this I want to read one verse of a new version:

"Faith of our Mothers, living faith,  
In cradle song and bedtime prayer,  
In nursery love and fireside lore,  
Thy presence still pervades the air,  
Faith of our Mothers, living faith,  
We will be true to thee till death!"

#### "FOLLOW THE LEADER!"

Boy Scout Week

Rev. Wesley G. Huber

(Get a compass and make yourself acquainted with its action. Get a Boy Scout, dressed in uniform, to "box the compass" for you. He might even tell a bit about the history of the compass, and tell the significance of their Scout Pin with its "Sign of the North.")

One day a lumberman went out to cut wood. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day when he started and he was happy and gay as the weather. He worked until late in the afternoon, when he noticed that a storm was coming up, so he decided to start for home. Without looking at his compass, he started in the direction which he thought was all right. He walked and walked, but to his surprise, he found that he was getting deeper and deeper into the forest.

So he took out his compass and saw that he was going in the opposite direction. Now, let me ask you a question, When should he have taken out his compass? In the beginning you say? Of course. When he disagreed with his compass he said, "I know that I am right and the compass is wrong," but he became more and more confused. He even grew angry and was about to throw the compass away. Something said to him, "Don't be foolish; the compass has never deceived you; give it a trial." He put the compass in such a position so that he could follow its guidance and just as the storm broke he reached his own cottage.

There are people who get angry when they find that the compass disagrees with them. A lady once told me a story about her father who said the dictionary was wrong because he knew that he was right. And some people say that the Bible is wrong because they think that they are right. At this time give out pictures of "The Rich Young Ruler." Jesus is the compass. He is willing to guide this young man, but the man refuses. He is glad to be your compass and guide. Jesus said one day, "Follow ME!" Let's do it.



## THE SWEETEST SINGER IN THE HOME

*May is the Month of Music*

Rev. Wesley G. Huber

Mary was out in the kitchen singing under her breath. But while she sang and hummed she worked and worked and worked. Her sister was in the front room singing and playing and the neighbors could hear her. They said, "How sweetly she plays and sings!" Mary was so glad that the sister had such talent, but she wished that she too could do the same. However, she kept on working just as hard.

When her daddy came home that night she made known to him the innermost thoughts of her heart. She told him how she longed to be able to sing. But the father said, "Little Mary, I just love to hear you sing." "Why daddy! I can't sing and you know it!" "Oh," he said, "when I came into the house I heard you say to Bobbie, 'Let me help you with your arithmetic,' and even though you were so busy with your own work at home and the home work from school, you were willing to help him."

"But, father, that isn't singing!" said Mary. "Well, daughter, it sounds very sweet to me. And when mother was so tired last night from house-cleaning, you said, 'I'll wash and wipe the dishes.' And almost every day I hear you saying some nice thing about some one else. So I call you my happy little songster."

And Mary went away from her father humming a tune. It was a very merry little tune. She was so happy that she had made other people happy. She was so proud that her father had noticed her work and was satisfied. I am going to ask you to "sing" with happy hearts and helping hands. Let us think of this as Mary sings:

"Sing them over again to me,  
Wonderful Words of Life;  
Let me more of their beauty see,  
Wonderful Words of Life."

As many of the children as will try to make this song come true in their lives will join in on the refrain.

*A Story to Tell*

## AMERICA

"We are all like the child born with a silver spoon in its mouth," said one of the group. "We know nothing else, we accept the blessings we have as those of the common lot. We have never had any other experiences."

"Why do you say that?" asked an astonished listener. "We native-born Americans all love our country."

"Let me tell you how others *love* it," said the first speaker. "Let me tell you the story of a father and mother from Russia. They had known sadness and suffering and knew what life in America meant in comparison with that which they had left behind them.

"I saw them first in the South Ferry subway, the mother carrying a tiny mite of a baby, Her luminous eyes shone as she looked down upon that morsel of humanity.

"No chance for them in Russia, that is, the saw no future for their child. This tiny mite of baby in the mother's arms had caused the parents to forsake their homeland and the scene which they knew.

"They had skimped and saved for months and months, and then trudged two hundred miles across the unfriendly countryside to the port where the steamship waited. This long walk was necessary because it takes much money to pay the way for three living beings across the ocean to the promised land. Saving all they could for a long time was not enough to allow them to sleep in beds at night, so they slept by the roadside, in haystacks, or begged for shelter. At last they reached the port.

"America was the beacon, their boy must have a chance. Why complain about a little hardship? *Free* America was their hope!

"They had three rooms on the fourth floor of a tenement house, and they were very happy. The little mother studied hard to learn the language of America, so she could tell of her joys and learn from others. The hardships of the journey to the steamship in Russia, the ocean voyage, and the meagre living since reaching America had worn down the mother's strength, and she became very ill with fever. The father was a baker by trade. He secured work on a night shift, and was away from home when a fire occurred in the tenement house where the little family was sheltered. The mother lay on her bed with the baby by her side when the fire alarm sounded, but she did not hear the noise. Everyone in the tenement house rushed out into the street, all save the little mother who was ill with fever, and her little baby.

"Firement went through the house, but the smoke was so thick by the time they reached the stairs to the fourth floor that they had to turn back. The mother's mind was muddled and she dreamed that she was in Russia. Yes, she knew the house was burning, but she did not stir to save herself or her baby. Why should she fight for life, there was nothing before her and her child. It was better to die than to go on with the struggle. Were not her people persecuted and oppressed? Could anyone foretell when the next storm of hatred would break? Her grandparents, her parents, and she, they had all suffered.

"Down in the streets below the engine puffed. Two alarms had been sounded, and the street had been roped off to keep back the crowds. The flames had started in the cellar, and climbed the dumb waiter to the top floor and 'mushroomed' there. They had broken through the walls of the shaft on each floor, so there was fire above and below the three little rooms where the mother and her baby lay dreaming. They were in a sandwich of fire. The firemen had lines of hose to the top of the house and were pounding through the roof. The mother lay listening to this tumult, but her dazed mind thought the noise was the tramp of soldier's feet. She wanted to die before they got to her, she prayed for death.

"Within a half block of the burning tenement stood an American church. In the tower was

mes which sent out onto the air glad songs of  
 e and love to those who lived within hearing.  
 ery evening the national air, America, was  
 yed and many who could not speak our lan-  
 age knew the tune and the words and loved both.  
 'Now it was the hour of the day when the chimes  
 ran to sing,

"My country 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty.  
 Of thee I sing.

'What! This was not Russia then? No! The  
 ether who had been murmuring a prayer for

death, now prayed for strength to live and save  
 herself and her child. Forgetting her weakness,  
 she jumped from the bed with the baby hugged  
 to her breast. Up she threw the window and her  
 screams reached the street even through the  
 pulsing and throbbing noise below. In less time  
 than it takes to tell you, the firemen had an exten-  
 sion ladder to the window, and the little Russian  
 mother and her baby were carried to safety.

"America had cleared her mind! America had  
 flood her heart with hope! America had saved  
 them!" — *Rewritten from "America" in the Con-  
 gregationalist.*

## Chats with Children

DR. J. W. G. WARD

### GREATHEART

One of John Bunyan's famous characters was  
 Greatheart. He lived only in the pages of a book.  
 ere, however, is the story of Greatheart the  
 cond, who is a man in real life, and his true  
 me is Wilfred T. Grenfell. In early life he  
 ve himself to Christ, and in far-away Labrador  
 set out to tend the sick and injured on that  
 solate coast. He built a hospital, and when it  
 s in full working order, he decided to spend the  
 ater ashore, for he could do better work then.  
 was always anxious to be where there was most  
 do. And he had plenty of chances of showing  
 at he was made of.

One day word came, by sledge, that he was  
 nted. A storm was lashing the hospital as  
 went out to see who had come. There were  
 young men who were covered with ice. "What  
 s brought you out on a day like this?" asked  
 the Doctor. They told him of an old seaman  
 om he knew, many miles away, who was very  
 and who wanted help at once. "Would you  
 me?" they demanded. We know what the  
 ctor's answer would be. He got the two men  
 have a meal while the dogs and the sledge were  
 ready, and off they set on their 100 miles over  
 ice. It took four days. They had to lie in  
 snow at night, wrapped up in their blankets,  
 d cuddled up to the dogs for warmth, to keep  
 m from being frozen to death. Sometimes  
 y had to crawl down dangerous places, and  
 pace was necessarily slow. But at last they  
 to where the old man lived, and though he  
 s very ill, it was not long before the Doctor  
 been able to relieve his pain, and set him on  
 way to recovery. Isn't that fine?

ut there is another adventure that is more  
 uderful still. An urgent summons came one  
 from a young fellow forty miles away. It  
 the end of the winter, and that made it  
 ier than ever to go a long journey by sledge,  
 the thaw was beginning. But the Doctor  
 n't time to think about that. He was wanted!  
 t was enough. Every moment meant a good  
 l, for it was a matter of life and death. So away  
 y went. By taking a short cut across the bay,  
 would save time, if the ice would bear. He  
 yed to try. But it was seven miles across,  
 there was danger. All went well for a time

when suddenly he saw that the ice was getting  
 soft. A moment later the sledge had gone through,  
 carrying his food and spare clothes. Swiftly he  
 cut the traces, freeing the dogs, for they were now  
 in the water. They all had to swim for it. They  
 managed to get on to a block of ice about ten  
 feet square, but to the Doctor's horror, the wind  
 sprang up from the shore, and the ice was being  
 steadily borne out to sea.

The great Atlantic lay before him, while there  
 he was without any extra rugs or coats, and with-  
 out food, afloat on an ice-pan. The cold was  
 intense. Night was falling. But he was not  
 afraid, for he felt the presence of his Father, and  
 one of the hymns he had learnt as a boy came into  
 his mind, and he sang to himself "Thy will be  
 done." But he was going to make a fight for  
 life! He knew that he must have covering, or he  
 would die. So he had to kill three of his dogs,  
 and though it grieved him to do it, he knew it was  
 their life or his. He wrapped himself in their  
 skins, and lay down on the ice. When day broke,  
 he made a flag of distress, and to his delight, it  
 was seen. A boat picked him up, and he was  
 carried back home, frost-bitten and suffering from  
 his terrible experience.

As soon as he could, however, he got off again  
 to the young man who wanted him, and was able  
 to save his life. But in the vestibule of Grenfell's  
 house in Labrador there is now a bronze tablet  
 recalling that night on the ice, if he could ever  
 forget it, but reminding him of something else,  
 for it reads: "To the memory of three noble dogs  
 — Moody, Watch, and Spy — Whose lives were  
 given for mine on the ice, April 21, 1908."

There was One Who died that We might live.  
 He is Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Friend. And  
 just as Grenfell found that this Friend was near  
 to him in his danger, and was the inspiration of  
 all his efforts for others, so Christ will be our  
 Helper in every time of need, and will, by His  
 unfailing grace, help us to live the life heroic!

One who gives himself for the good of others,  
 who takes up what may seem to be a cross in life  
 and bears it courageously and cheerfully, will find  
 heaven on earth, and may trust God for all the rest.  
 — *Unknown.*



# The Homiletic Year—May

## MOTHER'S DAY    ASCENSION DAY    MEMORIAL DAY

REV. LEWIS KEAST

It is a very beautiful coincidence that Mother's Day and Memorial Day should come in the same month. One of the great commandments of the Law is: "Honor thy father and thy mother." One can not approach a phrase like that without considerable reverence and much godly fear. The spirit of sacrifice is bound up in both of the special days that we are to commemorate this month. While our fathers went forth to the field of battle, our mothers were daily sacrificing themselves on the home altar, therefore, we would set their honor side by side.

### HEROIC WOMEN

What is a hero? has been answered, "A soul which rises up to face life squarely — to comfort its greivous circumstance and conquer it." With all the improved conditions which women have today, with any condition that the race can attain, there must always be multitudes of women combating grievous circumstances. Women live so deeply in the lives of others, give themselves so unselfishly by their very nature, that fate incessantly demands from them heroic qualities — Self-control, self-command, self-effacement, courage, and sacrifice. The daughter who renounces all personal ambitions to minister to the helpless age or infirmity of father or mother; the wife who shields or strengthens an unworthy or weak husband; the mother who sacrifices herself absolutely to support and educate her orphaned children — the world is not worthy of these, and yet we have them always with us, witnesses of a diviner life than most of us know how to live.

— Anonymous.

### A MOTHER'S LOVE

Children, look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make the most of it while you have that most precious of all good gifts — a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends — fond, dear, kind friends — but never will you have again that inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget the sweet glances she cast upon me

when she thought I was asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eye watches over me as I visit spots I since hallowed to the memory of my mother. *Great Thoughts Magazine.*

### MOTHERHOOD AND ITS IDEAL

Text: Honor thy mother. Ex. 20:12.

God is the supreme beginning, as of all things so of the Law of life. Then, from His throne, the commandment descends in loving majesty to our duties and pieties of our human order. And the first and holiest watchword for that order shall be the glory of the will of God full upon parent and child and the home. The eternal law requires reverent loyalty of son and daughter.

I. Ancient appreciation of womanhood small. In the Oriental world it fell very short of its sacred honor. But that is not the fault of the supreme book, the Bible. There woman was great and sacred. There she is the light guide and the exemplar of the home, in her dignity of wife and mother.

II. We are faced at every turn by its limitations. We have not to deal with Motherhood much in its beautiful abstract, but motherhood in real life.

You little need me to go into detail of a mother's home life and work today. Very much better than I do you know what malign influences she brings to our homes. You need no word from me of the need of self-control.

III. Fill your eyes with your ideal. Fill your hearts with your Lord, the Mother's everlastingly Son. And so go unwearied. Watch over the new-made homes, the young wives just beginning to inspire in them a living sympathy with the ideal and get them to see their strength to actualize it in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Be steadfast as rock, for He is true. Be about as a river, for He is life. And then be so absolutely and with gladness, that your labor be not in vain in the Lord. — *Dr. Handley C. Moule.*

### SEEING THE ROSES

A lady paying an early morning visit to a neighbor, was ushered into a rather untidy room, in which her hostess profusely apologized, but the visitor smiling said: "I had eyes for nothing but those lovely roses," pointing to a bowl of Gladiolus de Dijon beauties, which occupied a prominent

ace on the table. Just as the eye sees what it  
oks for, so the soul that is itself beautiful, finds  
that is best and noblest, and most worthy of  
aise, in the men and women round about.  
nd in addition to this gift of hyper-vision, it has  
e equally beautiful gift of not seeing, which it  
ercises on occasion.— *Sunday Journal*.

### THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT

The fruit of the Spirit may be arranged in three  
ads:

I. In relation to God —

1. Love.
2. Joy.
3. Peace.

II. In relation to man —

1. Longsuffering — Passive.
2. Kindness — Neutral.
3. Goodness — Active.

III. In relation to one's inner life —

1. Faithfulness.
2. Meekness — Humility.
3. Self-control.

— *Dr. Russell Howden*.

### MOTHERS OF MEN

The following contains hints good for any  
other's Day sermon, pointing out the influence  
mothers for good or ill.

The mother of Lord Byron, we read, was proud,  
sty, and violent in temper. So was Byron. The  
other of Robert Burns was sweet tempered, had  
en insight and delighted to chant songs and  
reet ballads.

Little is known of Nero's mother except that she  
ordered her husband Claudius; while the mother  
John and Charles Wesley was known for piety  
d regularity in prayer. Like mother, like son.

Napoleon's mother is said to have had great  
ergy of character and Patrick Henry's mother  
as a versatile conversationalist.

George Washington commanded the army of  
e colonies but his mother's love and tears ruled  
n and kept him, when a boy, from going into  
e British Navy.

Nancy Hanks, stepmother of Abe Lincoln, back  
the old Kentucky cabin, had much to do with  
e shaping of his life.

The Bible, too, has its picture gallery of mothers  
d their influence:

Eve was the mother of all living. Jochebed,  
other of Moses, stood back from the bulrushes  
dy to nurse her baby for the Egyptian princess.  
Hannah dedicated her boy, Samuel, to Jehovah  
the Tabernacle at Shiloh and brought him his  
w little robe each year.

Eunice, the mother, and Lois, the grandmother  
little Timothy, taught him the sacred writings  
d made him an apt student for the apostle  
ul.

Mary loved her growing boy, Jesus, and pond-  
d his sayings in her heart. And Jesus, the Man,  
his dying hour on the cross, remembered his  
ther and asked John to look after her.

Nearly every great man and every good man  
ys tribute to the influence of his mother. Bad

men, too, remember their mothers or the want of  
mothers in their early lives.

Motherhood is the highest, noblest profession  
of woman. Social and industrial conditions which  
lessen the possibilities of women becoming wives  
and mothers are radically wrong.

Let us honor this profession, and let the floral  
emblem we wear be an outward sign of an inward  
love for our mothers, whether on earth or in  
heaven.

And may the modern young mothers and fathers  
emulate the old-fashioned parents of Jesus' day,  
who brought unto him their little children, that  
he should lay his hands on them and bless them!

### FAITH OF OUR MOTHERS

An eminent divine is reported to have said that  
while more Christian men are finding avenues of  
activity in the church, a constantly increasing  
number of women church members are finding  
their main channels for Christian action in outside  
civic and philanthropic organizations. Whether  
this statement can be substantiated in large areas  
of experience, or only calls attention to a tendency  
in its beginning, its implications are serious enough  
to warrant the church's careful consideration.  
One of the marked features of the Christian  
Church has been the devoted service of women,  
an outward expression of the gratitude in women's  
hearts for the liberty and equality brought to them  
by the Gospel of the Lord Jesus.

It has been the "fragrance of the precious oint-  
ment," poured through long remembering years.

This service ranged from the sacrificial death  
of a triumphant saint in a Roman arena, to the  
prosaic service of a devout woman for a church  
festal occasion; from the perpetual adoration by  
cloistered nuns in quiet convent walls to the low  
murmured prayers of the deaconess, bending over  
a dying child in a city slum.

It found new forms of expression in the great  
new program of missions in the church, either in  
the effective organizations of the home base or  
"in lives laid down, the martyr's crown of life  
through endless years."

Why, then, should women be seeking so many  
avenues of service outside the church? And why  
should organizations of civic and philanthropic  
purposes claim in increasing numbers of our finest  
leaders while many church enterprises languish?—  
*E. C. Waid*.

### MOTHER

The average home is just where and generally  
what the mother makes it. The furnishings may  
in their texture be determined by the purse of the  
father, but the color scheme, the cleanliness, the  
air of sanctity—all are expressed by the maternal  
side—*Christian Register*.

### TRIBUTES TO MOTHER

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss.—  
*Pollock*.

A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing  
alive.—*Coleridge*.

No language can express the power and beauty  
and heroism of a mother's love.—*Chapin*.



If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.—*Lord Langdale.*

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.—*Lacratelle.*

There is in this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within a mother's heart.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Let everyone of us resolve that the 9th of May shall not pass this year without appropriate observance of Mother's Day in our homes.

Let's lay aside our childish diffidence and express as best we can the love and tenderness we cherish for the most wonderful woman in the world—our Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty story tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well?  
My Mother.

—*Jane Taylor*

### CONTINUING LOVE

"Let love of the brethren continue." Heb. 13:1.

I hear somebody whisper "that text was never meant for our day; If we show love to strangers now we may be entertaining angels of the devil, who in return will cheat, rob, take advantage of and even kill us."

Even with all such facts clearly in mind it seems to be the will of God that love should flow like a life-giving stream through all the various fields of civilization.

When we dry up the stream of love that flows from human hearts, we rob, cheat and kill ourselves. We create more cruel men to make the world unlivable. Hearts that should be fertile for the seeds of righteousness become hard and barren and no good fruit can be found there.

To man it may look like a foolish risk, but to the wisdom of God it looks like life and even to our age God says "Let love of the brethren continue."—*Allen A. Stockdale.*

### TEXTS AND THEMES

#### Mother's Day

##### A Mother's Love

Is. 66:13. "As one whom his mother comforteth."

Is. 49:15. "Can a woman forget her child."

##### A Mother's High Calling

Math. 15:4. "For God commanded, saying, Honor thy father and mother."

John 19:26, 27. "When Jesus therefore saw his mother —"

##### A Mother's Loyalty

John 19:25. "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother."

Math. 20:20. "Then came to him the mother of the sons of Zebedee."

##### A Mother's Petition

Math. 20:21. "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, the other on thy left, in thy Kingdom."

##### Motherhood and It's Ideals

##### Purity

Prov. 15:26. "The words of the pure are pleasant to hear."

Phil. 4:8. "Whatsoever things are pure, think on these things."

Prov. 31:10-13. "The Price of a virtuous Woman."

##### Faith

Eph. 3:17-19. "The fruits of the indwelling Christ."

Heb. 11:29. "By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land."

##### Endurance

2 Tim. 4:7, 8. "If we be dead with him, shall also live with him."

Heb. 11:27. "For he endured, as seeing him who is invisible."

1 Pet. 5:7. "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."

### THE ASCENSION

John 20:17. His message, "Go to my brethren and say to them: 'I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'" The words were received by the brethren with pitying credulity, and they believed Mary crazed from grief over the death of the Master. How many earnest people receive this glorious message today in the same blind manner! Their minds are held as those of the brethren of old, and the words repeated to them year after year, but the meaning of the promise does not reach them. Is it necessary for us to travel to the Village and meet the Stranger and hear his voice before the truth of his words bears fruit in our hearts?—*R.*

### "HAST THOU NOT KNOWN?"

Luke 24:17. "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another as ye walk and are sad?" Cleopas knew the story, his faith was too shallow to put confidence in his heart and voice, as he answered the stranger rudely. Cleopas walks among us today, and the Stranger who inquires the reason for so much unbelief and bandying of words receives in answer a part of the story — only the part that Cleopas is willing to admit to his heart. How many of us will invite the Stranger to remain with us in our daily life and permit him to assume the part of Host and bless our meals, our homes, our labors?—

### A CLOUD STOLE HIM FROM THEIR SIGHT

"Lord is this the time when you restore the Kingdom of Israel?" He answered them, as does his followers today. "It is not for you to learn times and seasons which the Father has set by His own authority." He bade them farewell, lifted up his hands and blessed them and parted. The veil of sense closed about them and He was no longer visible. He was still with them in spirit, even as He is with his loved ones today. He is with us now, were our eyes open we would see him.—*Prof. David Smith.*

### TEXTS AND THEMES

*His Message of Hope.* John 20:17. "Go to my brethren and say to them, I ascend into my Father."

*The Joyful Messenger.* John 20:18. "Mary Magdalene came and told the Disciples."

*He is Everpresent.* Luke 24:36. "As they spake, Jesus himself stood in their midst, and said, Peace be unto you."

*Their Minds Were Holden.* Luke 24:41. "And while yet they believed not, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat?"

*Their Healing Power.* Mark 16:17. "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall be healed."

*His Commission.* Mark 16:15. "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

*The Promised Inspiration.* Acts 11:15. "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them."

*The Word Fulfilled.* Mark 16:19. "He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God."

## Memorial Day

### MEMORIAL DAY

"The noblest memorial of a hero is not a reverence for his dead bones, but the reproduction of his heroism." This day is dedicated to the spirit of sacrifice and idealism which prompted the fathers, sons, and brothers, of a former generation to offer their lives in defense of a cause. The "glory of war" is a phrase of little meaning to the present generation, but the causes and outcome of our wars are as vital to us today as they were to the heroes whose memory we cherish.—W.

### ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY

*The Expositor* of May, 1924, has, on page 1053, a detailed story of the origin of this national holiday.

### THE TORCH BE YOURS

In Flander's fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow;  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flander's field.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch, be yours to hold it high,  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep though poppies grow in  
Flander's field.

— John MacRae, *In Flander's Field.*

### LOVE'S MEMORIAL

We must go where love calls us, to high or humble tasks, to lowly acts of pity, or possibly to personal efforts, which force us into a deeper suffering. The faith which anchors us to God's life of love, must cast upon Him all anxiety for the result of our love's efforts. For it is finally the necessary condition for a right Christian love; that faith which holds it fast in life's depths, to God's own love, so that it does not drift into superficial feeling or big phrases claiming proudly to embrace the circle of the earth and the depth

of human life. From the unfathomable source of His love we draw our strength when the depth opens in us. Every time the wave of love rushes forth it is faith which opens the dams before the flood of His love. A love produced without these forces from the depths is no revelation of God's love. But it is this that Christianity shall reveal. It shall from God, who is the source of love, lead the eternal stream of love through human life.

— Dr. Arvid Runestam.

### WHAT AM I LIVING FOR

There are many things for us to acquire on this planet. Some may acquire fame, some wealth, some a life of ease and redemption from toil; but there is one thing for the Christian to acquire—a fact that is summed up in a little verse I found years ago in an old album of a country home in Nova Scotia. I think it ran like this:

"When you were born a helpless child,  
You only cried while others smiled.  
So live that when you come to die,  
You then may smile while others cry."

— Dr. Robert Norwood.

### MEMORIAL FLOWERS

A family had a very beautiful flower garden in the front of their house. One evening a hail-storm reduced their garden to ruin. But when the people opened the door and peeped out into the darkness they found that the atmosphere was laden with a sweet perfume which the beautiful flowers gave forth when they were crushed and broken by the storm. Just so is every sacrifice made for the Kingdom of God.

### LOANED — NOT GIVEN

Children, relations, friends, honors, houses, lands, and endowments, the goods of nature and fortune, nay, even of grace itself, are only lent. It is our misfortune to fancy that they are given. We start, therefore, and are angry when the loan is called in. We think ourselves masters when we are only stewards; and forget that to each of us will it be one day said: "Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward."— Bishop Horne.

### THE PROGRAM OF JESUS

This then is the Program of Jesus, to build here on the earth the Kingdom of God. What Jesus purposes to do is to bring individual me back into fellowship with God and into loving service with my brother men—to save the social order also, so that every child may grow up under conditions favorable to the development of the best that is in him—to redeem labor from hatred and selfishness and to turn capital from iniquity to righteousness, directing it to the upbuilding of humanity—to teach all races that they are children of one common Father, and to lead each race to make its God-appointed contribution toward the perfect brotherhood of man—to banish hatred and war out of the world, and



to lead all nations to see that the wisest diplomacy is always in harmony with the teachings of Jesus.

— *Bishop Mouzon.*

### THE WATER OF LIFE

Water seeks its level, and the water of life that comes from the throne of God will carry one into the presence of God.— *Moody's Notes.*

### Texts and Themes

#### *The Way of Freedom*

Josh. 4:21. "What mean these Stones."

Psalm 31:24. "Be of Good Courage and He shall strengthen your heart."

Psalm 32:1. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven."

#### *The Way of Strife*

Psalm 31:13. "While they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life."

Gen. 4:10. "The voice of thy brother's blood."

#### *Life's Battlefields*

2 Tim. 4:7. "I have fought a good fight."

Mark 15:31. "He saved others."

2 Tim. 2:3. "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

#### *Our Heroic Dead*

Ex. 12:14. "This day shall be unto you for a memorial."

Ex. 7:4. "That I may lay my Hand upon Egypt, and bring forth mine armies."

Rom. 7:22. "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man."

2 Chron. 17:16. "And next him was Amasiah, the son of Zichri, who willingly offered himself unto the Lord; and with him two hundred thousand mighty men of valour."

#### *Peace*

Is. 2:5. "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord."

Is. 2:4. "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many peoples."

Rev. 21:4. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death."

Rev. 22:11, 27. "And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it."

*Decorations for the Day* — "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" Psalm 116:12.

### Spring and Nature Series

*A Lesson from the Trees* — "And he shall be like a tree planted by rivers of water."— *Psalm 1:3.*

*Useful or Unfruitful, Which?* — "And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it: Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever. And presently the fig tree withered away." Matt. 21:19.

*Lessons from the Flowers* — "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." Matt. 6:28.

*Sowing Good Seed* — "He that soweth good seed is the Son of man. Matt. 13:37.

*The Parable of the Soils* — "Some fell by the wayside . . . some upon stony places . . . some fell among thorns . . . but other fell into good ground." Matt. 13:4-8.

*Looking Up To Heaven* — "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork." *Psa. 19:1.*

### WATERING THE FLOWERS

"Consider the lilies how they grow." Matt. 6:28.

At the click of a gate I turned to see the tired face of a woman as she left the road and entered a garden. She carried an old water-pot and walked over to the pump to fill it. Slowly and lightly she went from bed to bed, and from plant to plant, up and down the tiny garden, refreshing all from the supply of living water.

As I watched her I caught strains of an old melody that she was singing; the face seemed to lose its care and wrinkles. Calmness and a happy smile stole over her features. The day's work was done and she had now turned to her little flower garden. Here and there she stopped to pull a weed or to straighten an over-burdened bough. Ever happy and ever humming in peaceful forgetfulness of all the day's toil and worry.

This old world needs the garden and the water-pot, if worried, worn-out, tired lives are to find their joy and rest and comfort ere they lie down for the night:

"Earthly cares can never vex me,  
Neither trial lay me low,  
For when Satan comes to vex me  
To the secret place I go."

Simple, homely, unknown joys lie all about and the toilers in life's field may pause at evening if they will, and hear the curfew bell of peace and quietness, and of unworried joy.

It was no doubt at the close of a long and wearisome day, and the road was hard and rough, but those saints of old said: "Did not our heart burn within us as He talked to us by the way?"— *Rev. John Timothy Stone.*

"I am a part of all that I have met," said the old Roman poet, and he expressed a truth for all time. All that we meet leaves its mark upon us, and makes us a partaker of itself. There is no fuller greater than to believe that we can go through unwholesome experiences, or consort with evil companions, and come out clean and healthy as soul as before. A temptation avoided is a danger passed. Curiosity leads many young people into forbidden ways. It is a fatal curiosity, for they can never be quite the same again. When we keep always to the paths of righteousness, we shall meet things that are pure and lovely and of good report, and we shall reflect them in our characters and deeds.— *Anon.*

# Great Texts and Their Treatment

REV. LEWIS KEAST

## THE LOVE AND LOYALTY OF MOTHER

"Forsake not the law of thy mother." Proverbs 6:20.

Between Easter Day and Children's Day, how beautiful to observe a Mothers' Memorial Day! The white carnation, the memory flower, is an emblem of the purity and fragrance in the lives of holy motherhood. Jesus, Home, and Mother, are words which touch the heart deeper than any others. If it is an angel mother she makes heaven more inviting; if in the earthly home, she is the guide and unchangeable friend, moving about in sweet ministries and loving service.

1. Consider the name of mother. No wonder the noblest men have uttered the sweetest words of tongue or pen about her who is the dearest of all loved ones. Even these words could express but little of the beautiful devotion of motherhood. From her we learned our child-like faith in God? A friend once said to Dr. S. S. Prentice, "I congratulate the mother who has such a son." He replied, "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother!"

2. A mother's crown. A friend asked a Roman matron to see her most precious jewels. She immediately gathered her children around her and said, "These are my jewels!" Every mother knows that these may be stars in her crown of rejoicing forever. Did she not teach us to be good and to do good, dedicating us from infancy to the service and love of our heavenly Father?

3. The sanctity of Motherhood. Richter says, "To a man who has had a noble mother, all women are sacred for her sake." The mother more than any one else affects the moral and spiritual part of a child's character. Oh, that the youth of America may be true to their mothers and their mother's God.—*Rev. E. W. Caswell.*

## MOTHERS' DAY

"Mothers' day recalls to us the nursery rhymes of those early days. The quiet tunes mother sang in lullaby when darkness crept into the nursery. We seem to hear that loving voice now.—*J.T.S.*

## Memorial Day

### HEROISM MADE MEMORABLE

Text: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." 2 Tim. 4:7.

I. The well of strength and power needed to permit us to rise to the call of great self-sacrifice.

1. Faith in divine guidance.
2. Burning loyalty to the cause.
3. Hope in future life.
4. Belief in the power of prayer.

5. Faith in divine watch over those who are dear to us.

II. The need for self-forgetfulness and willing sacrifice of personal aims.

1. National problems demand national consciousness and patriotic fervor.

2. The individual through faith in an ideal must rise above personal desires.

3. The cause of our devotion must stand out "like the silhouette of a lonely tree against a crimson sunset."

Each generation is reaping the benefits of the struggle to preserve the union of these great states. Each side saw its aim as a desirable national achievement, and each side offered its heroes to the cause. The question of "which side was right?" does not increase nor diminish our love and gratitude to those brave fathers, sons, and brothers, who "fought the good fight" for the cause they had espoused.

## THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE

"What is your life? For ye are a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." James 4:14.

Human life is painfully brief. The pathway which leads from the dawn of birth to that western horizon whereon "the dusk is waiting for the night" is passed over with disquieting rapidity. The fact of life's brevity is one of those inescapable truths which have ever haunted the mind and heart of man. St. James raises this important question, "What is your life?"

1. Literature and Life's answer:

A weaver's shuttle, postman's knock, a falling leaf, the dissolving cloud, a broken sleep, the guest of a day, a passing ship, the flight of an arrow, the fading flower, a sentinel of the night, or a tale told by the fireside.

2. Brief as compared with the life beyond! The initial truth which flowers forth in every faithful heart is the fact that we are Christians and our trust is in a Christ-like God. We are immortal, and therefore, our soul's existence is in no fatal manner related to time. Our faith is centered upon a risen Lord.

3. Lord Byron is not untruthful about our ephemeral human careers when he sings:

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's  
verge:

How little do we know that which we are!

How less what we may be! The eternal surge  
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar

Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,



Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves  
Of empires heave but like some passing  
waves."

O men and women: what is your life? Is it brief and very indefinite? Yes, but it is more! It is a vital part of the life of God himself. Behind the loom of human history and experience the Infinite Weaver is at work. And our lives are necessary in the conception of His eternal Kingdom. Therefore, fulfill your contract with "the noble dead, the living and the unborn." Be earnest, but not fretful. Be diligent, but also patient. "Seek first the Kingdom. Search for goodly pearls. Learn to put first things first. Live and love as though prepared to die, and then die prepared to live!"—*Rev. Hobart D. McKeehan.*

### THE SOLDIER AND HIS LORD

Text: "To this end Christ died, and lived again, that He might be Lord of both the dead and the living." Romans 14:9 (R.V.).

I have but one message, Soldiers and Friends, to bring to you today. And it is, first and last, a Person, the Lord Jesus Christ.

For nearly fifty years I have been a preacher. In that long time I have spoken of many things. From the first till now I have found that if I am to do my best for others I must be forever dealing with that Name. As the years close around me now, and the end draws on, I feel always more as if I had nothing else to speak of but the Lord. For my own manifold needs He proves Himself to be wonderfully all, the answer, the peace, the light, the power. I am sure that He can prove to be all this for every man whom I can approach in the dear fellowship of human life.

#### 1. He is supremely the Man.

I set Him out before you with entire conviction, this Lord Jesus Christ. Constraining from the side of loving-kindness are His claims over the soul. Think of the tenderness of His compassions, the infinite gentleness of His affections, for the little child, for the broken heart. As is His mercy so is the majesty of His manhood.

#### 2. The Lord Christ is the man's Man.

True, if we would get close to Him, if we would find salvation in Him, so He plainly tells us—the man must *will* to be the child. He must sink at the Master's feet. He must take all His teaching. He must let Him have all His way. But let him once do so; let him touch the sacred feet once wounded, and he shall find himself, you shall find yourself, in that kindest embrace of the Christ, lifted to be greater than yourself, nobler, stronger, firmer, freer. You shall be a man in Christ. Such men I have known.

#### 3. Christ will be the Captain and the Commander of your salvation.

Soldiers and Friends, I name again before you this Lord Jesus, with all the affection of an older man, in whose heart youth beats strong still. I point to Him as the claimant of your whole homage. To Him it is our most glorious privilege to take the *sacramentum militare*, the soldier's oath to live and to die as indeed His own. Yield

yourself with joy to Him in entire reliance. He loves us men so well that He cannot be content to save; He must have us as His own.

#### 4. Christ is Lord of the dead and the living.

What a majestic unification of our whole future lies in these words! What shall separate Him and us so held? Shall the stress of life, shall the temptations of the common day, shall the shock of battle, shall victory, shall death? Nay, He will not let us go. We shall be kept forever by a trusted Christ. In Him we shall possess an endless heaven. He is Lord of us, dead and living. Would you really know what that great word means? Then for the first, or for the hundredth time, take your soldier's oath at His feet.—*Bishop Handley C. Moule.*

## Ascension Day

### CHRIST DEPARTS FROM THE EARTH

"It is expedient for you that I go away." John 16:7.

#### I. The announcement.

1. It is made in a matter of fact manner in connection with the day's work.

2. Jesus foresaw the fear these words would cause in the hearts of the disciples, so he says "It is expedient for you—"

3. He then tells them why it is expedient.

#### II. His reasons for Going.

1. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you."

2. He went to prepare a place for those who believe on him.

3. He went to the Father, so he might be near us. In the flesh, it was possible for Jesus to be in one place, in the spirit He would be near us always.

4. He went so that we might see him in his true light. Our vision is very limited, and it is often not given to us to see the great qualities in those about us. We see them in their true light when "they have gone away."

5. He went away that we might "walk by faith," rather than depend upon following the Saviour in the flesh and depending upon his faith. He wanted us to practice walking by our own faith, thereby growing spiritually, just as a parent wants the child to learn to walk without a prop or guiding hand.

### THE INTERVAL OF WAITING

"But wait for the promise of the Father." Acts 1:4.

I. The promise of God the Father that a Comforter would be sent was received at face value. The period of waiting is generally described as one of gladness, rejoicing, worship, prayer, and praise.

II. Faith in the promise was manifest, and the waiting disciples had ample time to test their own ability to hold to the command without becoming anxious and weary. Remember, these ten days were not like the 40 days just ended, wherein Jesus appeared to them on many occasions with his divine assurance and Benediction.

III. "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." This was not clear to the disciples who

were commanded to wait, for they did as we do, permitted their minds to dwell on the earthly kingdom. We can almost hear the question, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?"

IV. Christ demanded trust in his promise, and he rebukes them, saying, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." The lesson in this rebuke is sorely needed in the life of the present-day Christian.

### THE VEIL ON THEIR HEARTS

"And hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places." *Eph. 2:6.*

1. The disciples had recovered from their dismay at the death of their Master.

2. They had rejoiced over the resurrection.

3. They were growing accustomed to being without the companionship of the Master.

4. They had seen him and talked with him on numerous occasions when he chose to appear in their midst.

5. His comings and goings were fitful and without warning.

6. He had told them plainly that "after a little while—" he would leave them, but the veil was still on their hearts, because they did not know when the last visit to them would come.

7. They knew they were on the eve of some tremendous happening, some great change, since they asked him regarding the Kingdom of Israel.

8. "While they beheld" he was parted from them.

9. The Father himself loved them, so they expressed no grief over the parting which had come but returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

10. Christ had prepared them gradually for the final parting, and their faith in his teachings sustained them and showed them the way.

## Prayer Meeting Talks

REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

### I.

#### THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL

"All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Caesar's household." *Phil. 4:22.*

Because the world is so large, the population so great, and the religion of Christ has not yet become prevalent everywhere, many people grow discouraged, and sometimes almost lose faith in the power of the Gospel. But this feeling is both wrong and without reason. One person's life is short and one person's range of vision is narrow. The Gospel's progress is really steady and strong and mighty. We have abundant reasons for faith in it, much more than Paul had in his day. Yet how marked was his confidence. It is refreshing to our faith to hear him away back in the beginning of the Church's history exclaiming, "So, as much as in me is I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are in Rome also; for I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Paul went to Rome, preached the Gospel, and even while in prison there won trophies for Christ. Yes, he won them even in Caesar's household—from his kindred or his royal guard or from among those employed in some other sort of service around the palace. And they were so won that love for other Christians far away leaped to the seas and sent them a greeting of affectionate regard? "All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Caesar's household."

Let this fact, that there were saints in Caesar's household, serve to suggest some thoughts concerning this Gospel Paul had to preach.

I. Think of the audacity of the Gospel; that it should go right into the heart of the citadel of Satan—into Caesar's household! It seemed an audacious thing that the Gospel should try to make its way at all in Rome. Rome! proud, intelligent, heartless, lustful, wicked Rome! "As much as in me is I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also!" The very men-

tion of that supremely wicked city puts the heroic into these words of the Apostle.

Not only so, but the Gospel which Paul had was in its very nature aggressive. It was a system of practice and belief not in the passive, but in the active voice, imperative mood. It did not wait for resistance or provocation. It delayed for no challenge. It was in open opposition to, and proposed to conquer wrong everywhere, smiting it to the ground. Then, too, Rome was noted not alone for its pride of power, but for its pride of intellect as well. The Gospel Paul had was "to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness." Paul knew that the moment it detected intellectual arrogance and pride it would meet it in mortal combat, even though it rested upon the luxury of imperial patronage and established its strongholds within the very shadow of Caesar's palace.

But this is not all. We are to add to it an understanding of the intolerance of Rome—intolerance towards other religions. The Romans had an established religion of their own, in which Jupiter and Juno and Cupid and Mars and Mercury, all the gods of mythology, were deemed the deities, for human souls to reverence. They hated the religion of the Jews. Christianity was likely to have still stronger opposition. Not only so, but the then reigning Caesar was the worst of all men. He was such a man as cannot be described. The strongest invective has never been able to do his execrable character justice. He was a very monster of iniquity; burner of the city; burner of Christians, murderer of his mother; slayer of his wives; a bloody, conscienceless, diabolical tyrant. He was Nero! Nero was the reigning Caesar, the same Nero who afterwards, as history says, gave Paul a crown of martyrdom by ordering his head severed from his body just outside the walls of Rome on the road as you go to Ostia. Did it not mean something for Paul to say, as he did, "As



much as in me is I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are in Rome also; for I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ?" And was there not audacity in the Gospel that would even hope to make converts within the very precincts of the palace?

II. The power of the Gospel, that it could win its trophies there, in Caesar's household. Paul went right into the very heart of Rome, a prisoner at that, and won his trophies for the cross in the most hopeless spot in all the world. The court of Caesar seemed like the very capital throne of Satan. Yet right here it was that Paul planted the truth, established a church, won no mean following to Christ, so that soon afterwards, in writing from Rome this epistle to the Philippian church, he could use the words: "All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Caesar's household." Think of it! right in that awful Caesar's household those trophies had been won, and so won that their love reached clear over the sea to greet Christian brethren in Phillippi they had never seen. Paul was ready and not ashamed to preach the Gospel in Rome, because, as he said, he had found out that the Gospel is "power"—"the power of God unto salvation." He believed in the Gospel and he believed in its Author—Christ. The Gospel is power. The Gospel is love. But love is a tremendous power, and turns the world upside down.

III. The vitality of the Gospel, that it should live and thrive there, in Caesar's household. Some of us think our circumstances are hard and excuse ourselves for not being better Christians on the ground of the difficulties of our situation. But let us think of these Christians in Caesar's household, and be ashamed of our lack of fidelity. No amount of opposition overcame them.

The Gospel is a thing of wonderful vitality. It lives and thrives—sometimes seeming to live and thrive better—under persecution. The Gospel has the audacity to go anywhere. It has the power to win souls anywhere. It has the vitality to live and thrive anywhere. Let us believe in it. In spite of all opposition and seeming defeat it is yet to take all people—heathen people, Christian people, all people—and deliver them from the power of darkness and translate them into the Kingdom of Christ. Let us keep in good hope and good heart, and watch and work and pray for the time when it shall be acknowledged by every soul in every land. For that day will surely come. God speed the day!

## II.

### CHRIST OUR TEACHER

"Learn of me." Matt. 9:29.

Nicodemus was right when he said? "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God." Christ was a teacher come from God. And he meant to let us know all that he was when he spoke those words of conscious leadership, "Learn of me." This means to us all in order to our highest success in Christian work and living, we must sit humbly at the feet of Christ and get his spirit, study his methods and know his will.

In naming a few particulars in which as Christian workers we may learn of Christ let us notice

I. First, his devoted consecration.

Christ had a work to do and he gave himself wholly to it. He was in earnest about it. The very keynote of his life was: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" He "went about doing good." He "pleased not himself." The secret of Christ's life was the pouring out of himself for others. We have our model in him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Learn of him; from his devoted consecration to his work.

II. Again, let us learn from his loving sympathy with the needy.

Finding in our hearts a desire to do something for Christ, let us learn from his loving sympathy the art of winning souls to him. We know that Christ was always kind and approachable and sympathetic. So must we be if we would work for him.

III. Again, let us learn from Christ's habits of prayer.

In this, too, he is our model; for he began, carried on and followed all his work with prayer. I God's own son felt the need of prayer in his work; how can we poor, weak mortals expect to succeed without it? How often we read of his going to the mountains or to the desert places, or alone to pray! If we would do much for God we must ask much of God; We must be men and women of prayer; we must almost literally pray without ceasing.

IV. Once more, let us learn from his unwavering faith.

To be sure Christ was the Son of God. He was divine. But has not the disciple as much reason for faith in his work when he has the promise of Christ's presence and help? Christ says: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." He has given us a full ordination and sent us to work for him. And he says, "Lo, I am with you always." If Christ knew that he should finish the work God had given him to do—if in the darkest hour he was still conscious that the kingdom he was founding would be an everlasting kingdom—he knew that the Gospel he was proclaiming was destined to conquer the world, then as laborers together with him in the same work, have we no reason for faith? Remember that if we would be successful workers for Christ we must catch some of this same spirit of unwavering faith.

Let us one and all sit at the feet of our Great Teacher and learn of him—learn from his devoted consecration; learn from his loving sympathy; learn from his habits of prayer; and learn from his unwavering faith.

## III.

### "THE STRENGTH OF TEN"

Psa. 24:3, 4; Matt. 5:8.

"My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure," Tennyson makes Sir Galahad to say.

Truly, purity is power. Impurity and strength are separated from each other as far as righteousness

ess and sin. Would you be strong to fight the battle of life? Be pure. Nothing enfeebles a man like sin. Paul's counsel to Timothy, "Keep thyself pure," was sound and right. Paul knew that what he asked was perfectly possible to perform. To win out against the demon of impurity, hang the red lantern of danger on every temptation, the indulgence of sinful thoughts, the indecent story, the vile novel. Shun the company of "lewd fellows of the baser sort," the fellows who are determined to sow their wild oats. Pray to God, our maker, for help to keep you out of the devil's grip. Fight as with the very strength of the Almighty, and never surrender. Remember, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

*"It is twice blessed,*

*It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;*

*'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes*

*The throned monarch better than his crown;*

*But mercy is above this sceptered sway—*

*It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,*

*It is an attribute of God himself,*

*And earthly power doth then show likest God's*

*When mercy seasons justice."*

Often men sigh for just dealings from their fellow men. But more numerous still the souls which yearn for mercy and kindness. The world needs mercy, the world needs kindness. And if we expect kindness and mercy from others, must we not extend the same to them? If we expect God to deal in mercy and kindness rather than in strict justice with us, shall we not forgive and befriend? How can we pray the prayer our Lord has taught us, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," and cherish an unforgiving thought? One of the severest parables Jesus uttered was that in condemnation of the servant who being himself forgiven a great debt, proceeded to extort a far smaller sum from one who owed him. Yet occasionally that terrible expression is heard, "I'll never forgive him," or "her." If thou, Jehovah, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" More and more grows on one the magnitude of God's most simple command to his children, "Be ye kind," Eph. 4:32.

*"Have you had a kindness shown?*

*Pass it on!*

*'Twas not given for your own,*

*Pass it on!*

*Let it travel with the years,*

*Let it wipe another's tears,*

*'Till in Heaven the deed appears.*

*Pass it on!"*

God's great command in the text goes even

higher and deeper if possible—not only *do* kindness, but *love* it. Our God is a God of kindness and love, or as the Old Testament writers put it, of "lovingkindness." No wonder that his second great requirement of his children is this.

Micah 6:8. "*Walk Humbly with Thy God.*" Here in God's third requirement we come more particularly to man's relationship directly with his Maker. This requirement rests upon the first two—to "do justly," and to "love kindness"—as a foundation. These two are not complete in themselves. Right relation with one's fellows alone does not fully meet the requirement. There must also be a right relation with God. To be a just—even a kindly man—is good, and goes a long way, but it does not go all the way. It is required also that a man "walk humbly with his God." And every word of this added requirement is big with meaning. Let man render unto man the things which are man's; but let man also render unto God the things which are God's.

"Walk humbly with thy God," says the text. What an honor long cherished, it is to walk even for a little with one of the great ones of earth. Enoch's name is made immortal—how? He walked with God. What greater honor could come to a young man than that he should be remembered as one who walked with God? He who walks with God cannot be arrogant, or proud-spirited—he must himself be clothed with Christ-like humility.

How could the sum total of man's relation to his God be more simply expressed than in walking with Him? To walk with God is not a matter of now and then as chance desire may dictate; but constantly, and to the journey's end. Amos, contemporary of Micah, put the matter in a nutshell in his question, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" To walk with God is to share his companionship, to keep close to him, and to let him choose the path and direct the walk. Is it not significant that early Christianity was called the "Road;" and that Jesus said, "I am the Way?" Who desires not for himself the assurance of the shepherd psalmist, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me?" If we desire him to share with us that dread journey, shall we not learn to love to walk with him here?

Here then are God's requirements—simple, plain, sufficient—which upon all alike he lays, and which none can escape. They are good; for a good God made them. And they are for our good; that is why he made them. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good. And what doth Jehovah require of you but to do justly, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?"

## Sermons

### MOTHER—GOD'S MERCHANT-SHIP

REV. JOSEPH B. BAKER, D.D.

"She is like the merchant-ship." Proverbs 1:14.

Every person takes time to look at pictures. Fifty million people in America go to look at pictures every week. We begin life with pictures

and end it with them. The Bible opens with the picture of a garden and closes with the picture of a city. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, never.

Our text today is a picture, a picture by an old



man, who had years enough to temper judgment and wealth enough to know values, for he was a king. Thinking of womanhood in general, and undoubtedly, of his own mother in particular, he said: "She is like merchant-ships." What makes the picture beautiful? What do the two have in common that makes it suggestive?

First, they are both the product of a world other than the world in which they operate. The ship is a land product operating in water, motherhood a heavenly product operating on earth. When the Capitol in Washington was finished, they took the stones that were left and with them built a bridge over Rock Creek. If there was anything left from the Great White Throne, it must have gone into the heart of motherhood. Whether she be yellow, red, or black, or white, there is something so sublime, so sweet, so beautiful about a mother's love that we know it was born from above. She operates here in a monotony as continuous as the rising and falling of the waves in mid-ocean, and in storms and dangers as great, but she came from another world, she was born in another sphere.

Merchant-ships and mothers are alike also in that they are both bearers of wealth. A country without ships may be a contented country, but it is always hampered and usually poor. A country with ships is rich and prosperous. England, though smaller than Iowa, is the mightiest spot for its size on the face of the earth; without mountains, the ends of the earth see her; without volcanoes, the antipodes hear her, because she has ships. Merchant-ships are the bank vaults of the sea, the warehouses of the deep, the sub-treasures of national prosperity. Precisely so is a mother. She is the bearer of wealth unmeasured before her baby is born and the bearer of wealth untold after it arrives. Paul had great confidence in Timothy, but when he wrote to him from his Roman bondage, he made it plain that a large element of that confidence in him was due to "the unfeigned faith that dwelt first in his grandmother, Lois, and in his mother, Eunice."

It is simply amazing how soon the most frivolous girl becomes thoughtful and reverent when a new life to be made or marred for eternity is laid in her hands. Instantly she scours the coasts of the Infinite and loads up cargoes of wisdom and power and love. No ship ever brought back to Spain or Holland, in the palmiest days, the argosies she brings to her child on his natal day. These treasures continue to come from that day on. Death itself cannot stop them, as some of us in sweet, sad memory know.

Motherhood and the merchant-ships are alike also in their relation to the magnetic center of the universe. All ships need the north star for guidance, but merchant-ships, being more frequently in strange waters, need it most. Oh, how much motherhood is dependent upon the Star of Bethlehem, and how true she is to Him! In the days when Ingersoll strutted to and fro before the American people like a taunting Goliath, he delivered one of his tirades against Christianity in Harvard. As two students walked away, one of them said:

"Well, Bob wiped Christianity off the earth to day;" to which the other replied: "Perhaps he did, but I am sure my old mother is still left and her faith is good enough for me." You can fool the high-brows whose theories are ephemeral, but you can't fool the mothers whose sons are immortal. She has too much at stake to turn from a star to a meteor for her guidance.

Motherhood and merchant-ships are alike, also, in that both are harbingers of a new era. Merchant-ships with their missionaries, their sewing machines, their books, their foods, their telephones, their typewriters—not battleships with their guns and munitions—have lifted backward peoples out of their isolation and put them in touch with the world. But no ships have ever done as much to usher in new eras as mothers have. Christ said: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly," but the back of even Jesus was a mother, who was the only God he knew for many a day, even as you and I. With the exception of Luther, Washington probably did more for the world in seventy years than any other man since St. Paul. The world is full of republics today because Washington lived, but Washington was the son of a widow whose tears kept him from running off to sea, and thereby kept him in the path God had ordained for him as a leader of civilization. Twenty years ago we temperance people were singing: "In the Sweet By-and-By." We didn't know when that "Sweet By-and-By" would come, but because we believed in God and right, we knew a saloonless nation had to come some time. The other day when we used the word "drunkards" our little five-year-old lad looked up and said: "Dad, what is a drunkard?" We could scarcely restrain our tears for the joy we had at the thought that he had to ask that question. When we were five we knew. We had seen him on the street, had evaded him, had heard him curse, saw him stumble and reel and fall. What made the change? Away back along the years when most men were still asleep, or afraid to work for temperance, the mothers of the land were teaching their children the evils of alcohol, organizing Loyal Temperance Legions, preaching their faith with white ribbons, praying, singing, watching, hoping. They touched the virgin coasts of sobriety first. All others came later. They were the harbingers of the new era we are enjoying today.

Motherhood and merchant-ships are alike, also, in their speed. Even in the day of Caesar's Roman merchant-ships could go from the Tiber to the coasts of Africa in two days. Mothers are not often capturing prizes in hundred yard dashes and would be a poor wager in any race that requires a galloping foot, but withal they are the swiftest things on earth. She anticipates our needs and knows our desires with an accuracy and a completeness that is almost omniscient. I wonder dying soldiers cried: "Mother! Mother!" in their last moments.

Motherhood and merchant-ships are alike, also, in that they have their wealth concealed. It is

often been said that womanhood has given the world no great poem or painting. It should be added, "as far as the art galleries know." Her brush has been the broom, her harpsichord the washboard, her sonatas the song of the sewing machine, her paintings the opalescence of soap bubbles, but in the midst of those things she has brought to the world the richest treasures this old world has ever known.

The riches of a commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health,  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

These are all given their bent in the home, and when a woman like Mrs. Parcells, who lately went to join the great host whose queen is Frances Willard, said at a temperance meeting: "I have the right to talk to you people on this subject for I am the mother of ten sons," she placed herself upon a throne-chair so high that no telescope could see its top. Oh, her speeches were powerful, for she was of Viking mold, but the lullabies and the constant care along the years were worth more than all her speeches, had she spoken daily for a thousand years. Her greatest wealth, like that of merchant-ships, was hidden. All maternal wealth is.

Motherhood is like merchant-ships, also, in the fact that neither have much rest. Look up the sailing dates of merchant-ships, and you will find that they are nearly always moving. Battleships winter in tropical waters and gather barnacles, but merchant-ships never. They only stay long enough to unload and re-load. Watch the average mother with her tables to set and her babies to tend, her cups to mend and her dinners to tend, her pockets to rub and her faces to scrub, and you will see the busiest sailing schedule on earth.

Motherhood and merchant-ships are alike, also, in that they keep nothing for themselves. Battleships and pleasure yachts hoard their treasures as misers hug their gold, but merchant-ships are Neptune's delivery wagons. The one thing mothers have never learned to do is to live for themselves.

When Matilda Zoll, the griddle expert, who fed congressmen in Washington for over twenty-five years, came near her end, she asked that she might be buried beside her soldier son in Arlington. The War Department said there was no precedent for that, and much as her friends in the department wished to please the old lady, the request had to be denied. Immediately the reply came back that she did not care for an extra inch of space, or even a place for her name, that she could be satisfied if her body were cremated and her ashes simply laid in the earth above the body of her dead boy. This of course was granted. Ah, we do not need wayside crosses, as long as we have such symbols of the great Cross Bearer's love in our midst!

If your mother is like merchant-ships, she is worthy of honor. If alive, visit her often. Clem. Studebaker, the head of the first generation

in charge of the great Studebaker corporation, called upon his mother every morning, and if out of town, called her upon the phone or sent her a card, a telegram or a letter. She is worth all the affection and honor you can show her. When Rickenbacker, the auto racer and ace of American aviators, came back from the war, six hundred of his old pals, all speed kings or lovers of speed, gave him a great reception in the Waldorf-Astoria. At the height of the applause Rickenbacker sprang to his feet on the stage, walked toward a box and saluted an old-fashioned woman with waving grey hair and lace around her neck, saying: "My Mother!" The son who shares his highest triumphs with his mother has his heart in the right place. But money talks, too. Carnegie took his first pay envelope home to his mother. Franklin enclosed money in a letter to his mother, saying: "This is for chaise hire that you may ride warm to meetings during the winter." A group of brothers send their mother a monthly check large enough to pay the rent for the house, now much too large for her, but dear to her because of the priceless memories that cluster about it. It is sent through the mail, so that she does not even have to say, "Thank you" for it. Truly of such is the kingdom of heaven. Let there be more of them.

If your mother is gone, keep her bed cover well arranged. How often, oh, how often, in the cold winter nights did she reach over to pull your covers up, and later, when you were pushed out by later fledglings, walk over to the different rooms to see that all was well. A neglected mother's grave is an everlasting disgrace to a set of children, no matter how pious they may seem; it is a wart on the face of religion, a smudge on the fairest profession.

Keep her memory green. Goethe visited Frankfurt and personally thanked all who had been kind to his mother. On the day of his first inauguration, President Wilson had a wreath of flowers placed on the grave of his father and his mother in the South. On the memorable night in which President Coolidge made his way from his father's New England home to the Capitol, he stopped at a little country graveyard and spent a few moments in holy communion before his mother's tomb.

"Blessed, mother, how we revere you as we look back across the years that lie between us and our cradle, and how we adore you as we look up through our hearts' hunger and see you mingled with your loved ones, and coming ever and anon out to the gate to scan the faces of the incoming throng.

"We know for whom you are looking. We know the questions you are asking from those who go up from our midst. We know it all. Your hope will not be blasted. Your labors and your prayers are not forgotten. We are on the shining pathway. The memory of you has kept us there."

[The foregoing sermon is taken from the book, "Sermons on Our Mothers," by permission of Harvey M. Shelly, publisher.]



## I Believe

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.D.

Text: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Mark 9:24.

There are many brief and poignant prayers scattered here and there in the Gospels, one for almost every human need, if we have ears to hear. For the man who has been fighting the waves of difficulty, and is ready to sink, there is the prayer: "Lord, save or I perish." For the man walking in darkness, groping his way slowly in the deepening night, there is the cry: "Lord, that mine eyes might be opened." For one tortured with a sense of uncleanness, and longing to know the joy of being pure, there is the petition: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." And for the man facing the shadow that waits for every man, there are the words so tender and so wise: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

But surely no prayer in the Bible is more touching in its pathos, or more true to the needs of the human heart, than that in which the sorely tried father, beneath the Mount of Transfiguration, uttered his struggling hopes and fears in behalf of his afflicted boy: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." No wonder Ritschl held it to be the pattern of all human prayer, in its grave, sincere self-abandonment, as well as in the noble humility of its believing unbelief. It is a universal prayer, never more true to the human heart than today. It does not feign faith by hiding doubt, but pours out its perplexity and need in equal measure. The pleading father lays bare his own heart, and in the very act lays bare ours, linking us in a fellowship of common need and common supplication. No one can hear that cry and not feel himself akin to that far off man in his woe, in his wish to believe, and in his bitter trial of faith by the hard facts of life.

One of the great artists of Italy painted the scene of this prayer, and left it as his dying legacy to art. With true spiritual insight, he brought the Mount of Vision and the Valley of Need near together, showing both on his canvas, thus uniting the Mercy of Christ, with the Misery of Humanity. Therein he was true to the spirit of the life of Jesus, whose mission it was to bring the world of spiritual light and power and the world of human need and woe together. Evermore the Valley of Service lies at the base of the Mount of Vision, and social duty lies ready to hand following the mystical experience; and what God has joined together man must not put asunder. By the same token, if we know not the way to the Mount of Shining, whence flow the permanent fountains of power, the misery of the world, its untoward ills, its bitter griefs and black sins, will defeat us—even as the disciples of old were helpless in face of the father and his woe.

Here is a page from a vast book of human sorrow, in which there are many pages that blind us with tears. From a child the lad had been tormented by a hideous malady, as if a demon were trying to tear him to tatters. Think of the anxiety

of those years—the physicians visited, the remedies tried, the questionings of mind and bafflements of heart; how like so many stories all of us know. At last the poor man, hearing of Jesus, came to him, not hopeless but unhelpful—still ready to do anything for his boy. These are the things that try the faith of men. Beside such tragedy, our intellectual difficulties are but dim battles in a land of shadows, half unreal. What troubles us most deeply is not doubt about propositions but the lonely debate that goes on in the heart of one whom we love is smitten with some terrible ill. Debate about speculative issues fades into thin air alongside this long, heroic struggle of a man in behalf of a boy whom he loved more than his own life, and whose suffering was an iron in his soul. It was a breaking heart that sent forth its cry of believing unbelief, and the great heart of the Master felt the pity of it all.

How strange, how mixed, how troubled, is the tiny heart of man. Never once still from birth, it lodges many inhabitants. Love and jealousy, hope and despair, faith and doubt, jostle one another in "the multitude of our thoughts." Even the hardest skeptic, as Browning said, must be tempted at times to believe, as the loftiest saint is often tempted to doubt and deny. The tiny struggle in every heart, and the struggle never ends. Only a few years ago it was the fashion to say that doubt in respect to the truths of faith was due to moral impurity. Sometimes it is so. But not always; and the tendency to confuse honest doubt with cynical denial was checked somewhat by Edna Lyall in her story entitled "Donovan," which had a great vogue. There is a doubt born of moral perversity, but it is easily identified as being flippant and irreverent. But not all doubt may be so explained or dealt with so glibly, and self-righteously. They have learned little of life who do not know that the warfare with doubt is deep and desperate—is no incident, but a part of the life of faith. Each believing soul—aye, each doubting soul—is a battlefield, and there is no discharge from the war. Life will be over and eternal presence won before that inner debate is adjourned.

Bunyan, who knew every turn of our pilgrim way, shows his wisdom here. In the "Holy War" when the town of Mansoul was captured by Emmanuel, and the Alderman Diabolus had been tried and executed, Incredulity contrived to escape in the night. Search was made for him, but he could not be found. He had joined his "leader beyond the walls, and in the sequel he came back. So also in the great pilgrim allegory, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death"—through which mark you, Christian passes midway in his journey—signifies not so much physical death as the lonely horror of unbelief which no one escapes. It assailed Christian long after his burden had fallen from his back at the Cross, and he had rested in the Palace Beautiful. Such is the testimony of saintly lives in all ages. One day a friend

me to Luther, sorely grieved, complaining that he found himself at times unable to believe anything. Whereupon, to his amazement, the former began praising God loudly for his confusion, saying that he had long thought himself one in that temptation, and had feared that it might be a token of Divine displeasure. Thus the eternal debate lasts on into the Christian life, half the soul mistrusting God and the other half worshipping Him.

During the war, while crossing the sea on a steamer, I reread the lives of Maurice, Kingsley, and John Stirling. No three men could be more unlike, and yet their lives were braided together in friendship—two of them leaders in great Christian advance. Alas! the story of Stirling had in it the thos of unfinished things, but his ardent and some spirit won a love which death could not reach. Maurice was one of the deepest and blest minds the English Church has known; "spiritual splendor," Gladstone called him; "sty, lovely, austere in his purity, fruitful in his thinking, and prophetic in his emphasis upon the ical meaning of the Gospel—a man of profound th, the key to which is found in his letter to his other in her perplexity. Kingsley was a poet, teller of tales, a passionate humanist, vivid of ul, enthusiastic, impulsive, a lover of science, ad an apostle of the out-of-doors—withal, a ble preacher, who linked sanitation with salva- on, and revealed what great things can be done an English country parish.

Yet these two men, busy in the love of God and e service of man, were both tormented to the ey end by the keenest doubts. More than once nglsley wrote to Maurice telling him that his th was all gone, and asking for a word of com-rt and cheer. Maurice, on his part, had grave sgiving of his own. For several years some mber of his family died at Easter, and the day joy began to bring with it a sense of dread. Last, on Easter Day, 1872, Maurice himself y dying, and his wife read to him the story of e walk to Emmaus, unconsciously repeating the rds, "vanished out of their sight." He said, "es, vanished out of their sight, which means at he abideth with them forever." Later he d, looking out of the window at the people ing to church, "All those men who are walking ere, with their doubts and thoughts, whether volous thoughts or earnest thoughts, want a end to join himself to them and bring them out; t to quench their doubts, as I too often have me." Kingsley, as his wife tells us, came to his d with "the far look," the longing for rest and ality, and for the unfolding of the mystery of e which had fascinated and baffled him.

My purpose in recalling these inner struggles of ble minds is that we may learn that our experi- ce of uncertainty, of misgiving, of dark doubt ot unique, and that the knowledge of how it s with others may bring solid comfort and help. great, pure, and beautiful souls were thus pur- ed by doubt, and in spite of their doubts—per- ps because of them—wrought richly, surely we ay take new heart and new hope. By knowing

that this conflict of faith and doubt has been appointed, for ends which even we can imagine if not define, we are forearmed in advance. All of us have "blind thoughts we know not nor can name" which darken all faith; as we have unholy thoughts which intrude unbidden into our most reverent hours. Some questions may be put aside, but the eternal issues raised by religious faith touch us too deeply to be ignored, save at our peril. Is there a God? Is God love? What is the purpose and worth of life, so brief, so broken, so beclouded? Has it a purpose? Or is it all mere chance, like a ship adrift—if we can speak of drifting when there is no direction, and no star? Why the miseries and mutilations of life, its senseless cruelties, its waste, its unspeakable griefs? Does death end all? Compared with such questions, all else sinks into insignificance. Earnest men may despair of reaching certainty and turn to smaller matters; but the old questions return to haunt us, making the heart ache. After all, perhaps it prevents our hearts from hardening, and keeps our sympathies wider than they would be.

Always we can tell the way the war of faith will go by the side the heart takes. The tormented father in the story put his heart on the side of faith. He wanted to believe, and he had faith enough to pray against his unbelief. Many are in like case today; they want to believe, but they find it hard to do so amid the hard facts of life. A ready-made faith is not enough; they want a faith founded upon fact—meaning by faith what Royce meant, the finding of a force, a trust, which will enable them to endure anything life can do to them. Yet they fear the wish may be father to the faith, and the motive for belief a reason for doubt, forgetting that the same principle would apply to our unbeliefs as well as our beliefs. So they are confused, disappointed, bereaved, desolate, one voice pleading that life is the gift of a Fatherly hand, and another voice whispering that Fatherhood is a fiction, too good to be true. For many a man today the only prayer left is that of the text, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief"—a prayer that never yet has been un- answered.

Some give up the fight for faith and fall into a bitter, cynical denial; but that is to err. No, let us keep the desire of the heart, its innermost bias, the set of its tide, on the side of faith, and truth will be revealed as we are ready for it. Our beliefs are not mechanical mixtures, but chemical compositions of mind, heart, and will. ownD below all debatable material there are insights and instincts, fine or base prejudices, leanings and inclinations—all the property of the moral rather than the mental world—which, when blended with the reasoning process, so far from vitiating that process, are really necessary to a valid conclusion. Life and love and death, wistful hauntings of heart, needs deeper than we have fathomed, yearnings that reach beyond sense and time, no less than hard facts and cold logic, make the warp and woof of a sound faith. Gorky, in his memories of Tolstoi, tells how the sage suddenly

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# The Adventurer

REV. CLAUDE ALLEN McKAY, D.D.

"By faith, Abraham, when he was called . . . obeyed, and he went out not knowing whither he went." Heb. 11:8.

The progress of the human race is like the rising tide on the seashore. There is a tremendous heave and, as the waves roll shoreward, a few inches of progress is registered on the sand. Then there is a settling back. But very soon an unseen power brings another forward movement and again a slight advance is registered on the seashore. The progress of mankind is like that. It is not continuous, but rather an intermittent ebb and flow.

The Old Testament is a transcript from the sands of time on which is registered now and again a slight advance in man's spiritual pilgrimage. If you protest that the Old Testament is merely the religious interpretation of one people's history, allow me to quote these significant words from Bishop Francis McConnell, "The greatest truths for all time are those which have been worked out most completely in some particular time, in the life of some particular person or people." That, in my opinion, accounts for the abiding value of the Old Testament to men of many races and creeds, across many centuries.

Abraham's adventure of faith is undoubtedly one of those tidal waves which registered a definite advance in mankind's spiritual progress. Abraham is the impersonation of that "spirit of adventure" which is absolutely essential to the progress of the human race. The path which Abraham marked out has now the footprints of not a few other adventurous souls. Moses was such an adventurer into an uncharted future, registering for his people a distinct advance on the shores of time. The Hebrew prophets were heroic adventurers of faith to whom we are everlastingly indebted.

Jesus was the Master adventurer of faith for all time. What an adventure indeed, and at what a cost! Paul followed, declaring, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." A noble band of heroes and martyrs have "followed in his train"—adventurers of faith all! But always just ahead in the pathway they have seen His footprints. He carried his cross to the farthestmost goal, beyond which none of us have gone, although time would fail me to tell of Augustine, St. Francis, Huss Erasmus, Wyclif and divers others who, through faith wrought righteousness, and brought the human family forward on a tidal wave of spiritual progress.

Some poetic soul has told us that, "God rules the rocks by force, the animals by instinct, and man by reason and conscience." Then, is not this the way God called Abraham, and the way He calls us, and the same way He called our Pilgrim fathers—an appeal of a "still small voice," speaking through reason and conscience, "Get thee out of this country to a land that I will show

thee." And our Pilgrim fathers obeyed, and they went out, not knowing whither they went, except that they were certain God went with them.

How pitifully untrue to say that those sturdy Pilgrims, 300 years ago, came to this promised land merely seeking new land! Scarcely would a whole nation of a hundred million people have celebrated the tercentenary of their landing, and have made a national shrine of the very rock on which they first set foot, if their adventure were not generally acknowledged to be an adventure of faith, in order that they and their children might enter into a larger, freer, richer life with God.

And likewise, how untrue to say that Abraham, 3,000 and more years ago, journeyed to that promised land merely seeking new land! The history of 3,000 years justifies his adventure, even as 300 years of American history justifies the faith of our Pilgrim fathers. The verdict of history is that the rich heritage which Abraham made possible was not merely that his descendants should inherit the land of Judea and Jerusalem, with all their treasured lore, but rather that it should prove to be the cradle of a faith which has blessed all the nations of the earth, and christened that country "the holy land."

Read Abraham's intercessory prayer, in the story of the destruction of the city of Sodom, and note how it registers a marked advance in man's thought of God. "Wilt Thou destroy the righteous with the wicked?" "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" His thought of God is not of a petty or fickle or arbitrary tyrant, but of One whose judgment of mankind is according to their character and needs!

Does that seem to be only a small advance? No advance in man's thought of God is ever small in significance. A man is great or small according to his thought of God is great or small. No man can become or long remain great with a petty or trifling conception of God. And no man or people can long remain small in thought and purpose who holds a great conception of God. Abraham was like a pilot on a ship who turns the wheel only one point, shortly after the harbor is cleared, but as the great ship goes on its way it will in time be many miles from that perilous course of rocks and sandbars toward which it was headed. An advance of only one point in man's thought of God, early in his spiritual pilgrimage, means eventually a far different and better course of life for all mankind.

Your religion, and mine, is called by a different name from that of Abraham's, but it is not wholly different. As the orange tree is grafted onto the sturdy stock and root of the wild crab trees, and bears all the more and better oranges for it, so the roots of our Christianity strike deep into the religion of Abraham. Now our religion must carry forward what they so nobly began. We too must

(Continued on page 1014)



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**The Approach to the Old Testament**, by John Edgar McFadyen, D.D., Professor of Old Testament, United Free Church College, Glasgow. 253 pp. Doran. \$2.00. If one wishes to get the viewpoint of a higher critic, who is also a distinguished scholar and a man of deep evangelical spirit, with regard to the Old Testament, this is the book to read. It does not destroy, but on the contrary confirms, faith in the Old Testament. It is marked by a deep reverence for the spiritual authority of the Old Testament. Its five chapters deal with Verbal Inspiration, The Moral Difficulties of the Old Testament, The Neglect of the Bible, The Conservative Defence, and The Critical Reconstruction. It shows the Old Testament to be a progressive revelation from God, a lamp to our feet and a light to our path.

**The Messages of the Books**, by (the late) Dean F. W. Farrar. 532 pp. Macmillan. \$2.50. A reprint of a book first published about a generation ago. While New Testament scholarship has greatly advanced since then, this book is still valuable as a piece of interpretation. It analyzes each of the twenty-seven New Testament books, shows its meaning and message for its own day and its timeless message for succeeding generations as well. It is marked by Dean Farrar's well-known brilliant style and by graphic description of New Testament times, and the problems and work of the early church.

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**The Dark Mile**, by John A. Hutton, D.D. 300 pp. Doran. \$2.00. Thirty-four essays on various topics, theological and otherwise, but always with a spiritual background. Dr. Hutton is always interested in life, with its varied experiences; in the greatest of them he finds humanity's bond of union. You will find the book entertaining and you will find it challenging to easy-going theology and philosophy; and after you have read it you will understand why Dr. Hutton is in the succession of great editors of *The British Weekly*.

**The Strategies of Grace**, by Thomas Yates. 301 pp. Doran. \$2.00. Twenty-one sermons by a notable English preacher, who, after a ministry of twenty-one years in a suburban London church, has just become the colleague of the famous Dr. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth. These sermons are powerful, rich in spiritual understanding, modern in expression and outlook, and steeped in the Scriptures. They have alluring titles, such as *The Divine Invasion*, *Harvesting the Subconscious*, *Clothes and the Man*, *Capitalized Grace*, *Healed and Self-Despising*, *Effective Belief in God*, etc.

**The Beauty of the Lord**, by Reverend Richard Glaister, D.D., Late Principal of Emanuel College, Brisbane, Australia. 320 pp. Doran. \$2.00. Twenty-one sermons, most character sketches of Bible characters, including Isaac, Jacob, Balaam, Saul, Jonathan, Joab, Gehazi, Mary of Nazareth, Dorcas, Mary of Bethany, Agrippa, and Peter. There are also some sermons on the sayings of Jesus. These character sketches are graphic, making their subjects live and tell their message anew.

**Days of the Son of Man**, by Rev. W. Mackintosh Mackay, D.D. 287 pp. Doran. \$2.00. Twenty sermons dealing with the great days of the Christian year, and including Flower and Harvest sermons. Dr. Mackay has made an American audience for himself by his previous books of sermons on "Bible Types of Modern Men," etc. This new volume renders a real service to ministers, covering as it does, the great festivals of the Christian year. The sermons are appropriate, reflect the spirit and disclose the essential meaning of each season.

**Ten Spiritual Ships**, by L. R. Scarborough, D.D. 135 pp. Doran. \$1.50. These "ships" are sermons on Divine Ownership, A Heavenly Sonship, Spiritual Debtorship, Gospel Trusteeship, Soulful Guardianship, A Soul-Winning Ambassadorship, A Multifold Fellowship, A Pressing Stewardship, A Royal Partnership, and An Eternal Companionship. While we do not like the author's play in the title of this book, upon these word-endings, we do greatly like these sermons, and their purpose to help produce an improved discipleship, "certain of its divine possessions with a widening vision of its opportunities and a burning sense of its spiritual obligations." An inspiring book to read when one is getting ready for an evangelistic campaign.

**Teaching in the Sunday School**, by Goodrich C. White, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Emory University. 211 pp. Cokesbury. \$1.00. Dr. White is evidently an expert in the field of both educational theory and practice; this text-book shows it. However, it is written for the ordinary Sunday School teacher, and in a plain, practical way that will help him at every angle of his problem. Its chapter headings are: Getting and holding attention, Getting pupils to study, Story telling, Lecture and discussion, Asking questions, Using illustrations, Hand work and dramatization, Training in Christian living, Planning for the class hour, Teaching by projects, The teacher's task.

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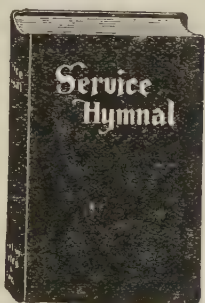
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The preparation of the teacher. The appendix gives suggestions for further reading and study.

**Stories to Tell**, Compiled and edited by S. A. Wilson, Associate Editor of *The Expositor*. F. M. Barton Co. \$1.25. Thirty-eight stories, selected and edited by one who had an especial aptitude for the task. They include a variety of topics—the Bible, missionary themes, patriotic subjects, and others relating to everyday life. Sunday School teachers, leaders of young people's groups, ministers who preach Children's sermons and mothers in the home, will find excellent material here for the upbuilding of the Christian life of the particular group for which they are responsible.

**Youth and Christian Unity**, by Rev. Walter W. Van Kirk, D.D., Federal Council of Churches. 267 pp. Doran. \$2.00. An interesting and comprehensive survey of the spirit and work of youth, both in the United States and in other countries, in seeking and actually working out methods of co-operation in Christian work. This shows their impatience with divisions in the Church and points the way to organic unity. This book is "a sign of the times" which it would profit every minister to study.

**Pioneers of the Kingdom**, by Stanley High. 127 pp. Abingdon. 75 cents. Biography of the good and the great can never lose its fascination. Here we have twelve studies in the fine art of making a life—and in the case of every one of these lives, of helping to make a better civilization. These twelve are: James W. Bashford, in the path of Paul; Jane Addams and God's corner in the slums; John Joseph Eagan and Cast-iron pipe and the Kingdom of God; Isabella Thoburn, "She crossed the world's frontiers;" Walter Reed, A microbe hunter; Sam Higginbotham, and preaching with plows; Frances Willard, A woman and a crusade; Michael Pupin—his resources; George Carver, "An ex-slave, peanuts, and a laboratory;" Herbert Hoover; Yoitsu Honda; and Rupert Brooke, "He loved beauty and died for an ideal."

**The Tragedy of Saul**, by John A. Hutton, D.D. 141 pp. Doran. \$1.50. A revealing book; Dr. Hutton lights up the dark recesses of Saul's soul, and shows in startling clearness the causes of his moral and spiritual failure. He studies the influence upon Saul of his break with Samuel, and of the deadening effects of superstition upon his disordered mind. It is a tragic picture which Dr. Hutton interprets for us; and its lessons are healing though bitter. In the closing chapter, Dr. Hutton tells what Browning thought about the tragedy: here the theologian and the poet meet and agree.

**Guidance from Francis Thompson in Matters of Faith**, by John A. Hutton, D.D. 145 pp. Doran. \$1.50. Here is satisfying interpretation of both the poet and his writings. Dr. Hutton thinks that "The Hound of Heaven" has had more publicity than genuine and sympathetic understanding. Not only in that great poem, he tells us, but in his other writings, there is much of mystic insight into life's deepest meanings; this Dr. Hutton discloses. Here is an authoritative guide to the understanding of a poet who bids fair to be one of the immortals.

**Christus Victor**, by Henry Nehemiah Dodge. 203 pp. 46 illustrations. Putnam's. \$3.00. The theme of this long and beautiful poem is the final triumph of Jesus, the Crucified and Risen One in the hearts of all men, through the supreme power of the love which he taught and exemplified. Nailed to the Cross by ecclesiastical hatred, apparently defeated, he yet triumphs as a martyr, as the Saviour who liberates and controls spiritual forces which will eventually lift man out of evil into the light and liberty of fellowship with Himself. It is a noble poem; it re-enforces its

interpretation of Scripture by philosophy and science; it cherishes the "larger hope" strongly, not faintly as Tennyson did. It is written mainly in blank verse, which is lightened by many tuneful lyrics. Most of our readers will find the theology of this poem defective, but doubtless all will admire its lofty spirit.

**The Radiant Tree**, by Marguerite Wilkinson. Decorations by George M. Richards. 170 pp. Macmillan. \$2.50. A collection of poems on the Passion and Resurrection of Christ, from various periods, and by both English and American poets. In the introduction, Mrs. Wilkinson tells the story of the "Radiant Tree"—how it takes its roots in human hearts and lifts its branches into heaven. This is a choice selection, containing many favorite poems and including others perhaps less well known but just as beautiful and spiritual. The volume would make a charming gift-book.

**The City of Perfection**, by Thomas L. Masson. 406 pp. Century. \$2.50. The City of Perfection, according to the author's conception, is the invisible city of our Real Selves, with Faith and Courage guarding its walls, and love of God and Man its foundation. Mr. Masson would make the new religion a synthesis of all the leading faiths of mankind—Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, etc. He has read widely, exhibits a deeply religious spirit, is regarded as "guide, philosopher and friend" by multitudes of "vagabond souls," and no doubt does them a lot of good—but his new religion is a bit too vague. All the helpful things he teaches are in Christianity, and infinitely more.

**Men of the Mysteries**, by Ralph W. Sockman, Ph.D. 197 pp. Abingdon. \$1.25 Lectures on the Matthew Simpson Foundation, De Pauw University, 1926. The author is one of Methodism's leading preachers. These lectures on preaching deal not with the technique of the art, but with a phase of its message. They will appeal, therefore, to thoughtful laymen as well as to minister. It is reported that De Pauw students flocked to hear these addresses. We can well understand it, for Sockman is a man of penetrative insight, knows the student mind, and strikes the note of reality. His emphasis, here, is on the spiritual values of wonder and mystery, which we are in danger of losing in this scientific age. He appeals to preachers to become "stewards of the mysteries of God." In part one of this book, he considers "Some barriers to the mysteries;" in part two, "Some areas to be cultivated" in values beyond the senses, reason, science, and nature; and in part three, "Moving into the mysteries of God." The mysteries he exalts are those "that lure the mind to new discoveries in science, new experiences in religion and new enthusiasms in life." A suggestive and stimulating book.

**Bishop Charles Betts Galloway**, by Warren A. Candler, D.D., LL.D. 307 pp. Cokesbury. \$1.50. The life-story of one of the distinguished Bishops of the M. E. church, South. He was a brilliant orator, a wise administrator, and a great patriot. We have here the story of his contacts with Romanism in the lands of Latin America; his impressions of the Orient, where he presided over conferences in China and Japan; his work as an educator; and his labors to promote the welfare of the negroes of the South.

**H. G. Wells, Educationalist**, by F. H. Doughty. 194 pp. Doran. \$2.00. A searching, discriminating, and comprehensive study of Wells' educational theories, as disclosed in his various writings. Mr. Wells has sound ideas on the subject, so far as they go; their fatal defect is that they leave out religion. Mr. Wells is a man of scientific training and attitude; he hopes for too much from science; he neglects the spirit of man, without which no progress worthy of the name is possible.

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# Prayer Meetings

Flint, Michigan.

I find that the best meetings are the ones in which you can get the largest number to participate. I always plan to make my own part in the meeting brief, not over fifteen minutes at the most. However that does not mean that the meeting is easy to prepare. It would be easier to prepare a thirty minute message than to plan a meeting which will draw out the interest and expression of the people.— *Rev. Frank M. Field.*

## MEETING I

Rev. John L. Cole, D.D.

### "THE HOLIEST THING ALIVE" (Mother's Day Meeting)



#### Preparation

I. The church will entertain and show its appreciation for the mothers and older women of the parish much more personally and directly in an informal mid-week service than it can on the Mother's Day *Sunday* just ahead. The boys and girls of the church school will carry invitations from the pastor to the ones who are desired as "guests of honor." The men's class will provide the transportation for those who wish to be brought to the service in automobiles. The Ladies' Aid Society, or an older girls' class will desire the privilege of serving a supper before the meeting at which these women will be given a pleasant time, remembered as a bright spot through the year.

II. Whistler's portrait, "Mother," will be given a prominent place in the room where the prayer meeting is held. One or two Madonnas, ancient or modern, will be in keeping with the

theme and lend "atmosphere." If these pictures can be hung in the path of a strong light, even a stereopticon light, so much the better.

III. A soloist will give the "Magnificat;" and a good reader will recite Kipling's "Mother o' Mine."

#### Plan for Address

I. Read the account of some of the Bible mothers; Eve, "mother of all living;" Jocebed, mother of Mosops, "and the maid went and called the child's mother;" Deborah, a mother in Israel, "I arose, mother in Israel;" Ruth, Obed's mother, "Boas begat Obed of Ruth, and Obed begat Jesse;" Mary "the mother of my Lord."

II. *The closest tie between man and his unseen God is his mother.*

A. "No man hath seen God;" Christ "hath declared him;" and, *next to him*, the *mothers* of men have revealed God's nature to them. We call Him "Father," but most of the virtues that go to make him our God are seen plainest, as a matter of fact, in our mothers.

B. The qualities that mothers have and God's attributes in an infinite degree, are:

1. *Belief in the most unpromising.*

a. Kipling's, "If I were damned both body and soul," etc.

b. Augustine's "Almost nine years passed in which I wallowed in the mire of that deep pit and darkness of falsehood, often essaying to rise, but dashed down the more grievously. All of which time that chaste, godly and sober widow ceased not at all hours to bewail my case unto thee. *And her prayers entered into thy presence.*"

2. *Limitless Forgiveness.*

a. She never has to be taught "seventy times seven" to forgive—if it be her boy or her girl. This is the human counterpart of the "grace" by which we are saved.

3. *Utter self-forgetfulness.*

a. "God so loved that he gave . . . ;" so mothers, to their sons and daughters give, toil, prayers, savings. So far, the eight-hour working day has not been vigorously demanded by mothers!

"Like a cradle rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro," etc.

— *Saxe Holme.*

4. *Power to Pull Out of Evil, and Steady in Temptation.*

a. George Young, who won the \$25,000 Wrigley prize for swimming Catalina declared that the thought of his mother sustained him through the whole ordeal.

b. Society must guard that person well—the mother, or lose one indispensable force in keeping men lifted from the mire of sin.

#### Sing or Quote

I. "Faith of our mothers"—S. Trevena Jackson, "O Mother dear Jerusalem"—unknown,

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" DD	4000.00	28 "	21.00 "	6 " "
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"There is a wideness in God's mercy"—Faber.  
 "Memories of mother"—Alexander Song Book.

II. Walter Rauschenbush's "A Prayer for all Mothers:" "O God, we offer thee praise and benediction of motherhood in human life. We bless thee for our own dear mothers who built up our lives by theirs; who bore us in travail and loved us the more for the pain we gave; who nourished us at their breast and hushed us to sleep in the warm security of their arms. We thank Thee for their tireless love, for their voiceless prayers, for the agony with which they followed us in our sins and won us back by the Christly power of sacrifice and redemption in mother-love. . . .

"Put upon the girls the awe of their future calling, that they may preserve their bodies and minds in purity and strength for the holy task to which the future may summon them. Bestow Thy special grace, we beseech Thee, on all women."

### Only One

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;  
 Hundreds of shells on the shore together;  
 Hundreds of birds that go singing by;  
 Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

"Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;  
 Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;  
 Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;  
 But only one mother the wide world over."

—George Cooper.

### MEETING II

Rev. John L. Cole, D. D.

### "SPRINGTIME IN MY SOUL"

#### Preparation

I. Some of the young people will letter an attractive poster, putting at the top a colored scene of fields or meadows and underneath the lines:

Have You Got  
 "THE SPRING FEVER?"  
 You OUGHT TO!  
 You Can Catch It Here  
 (Thursday) Night

II. An accompanist will play, with violin also if obtainable, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" while the people gather.

III. Spring flowers of a few early varieties will be in sight around the room.

#### Plan for Address

I. Read Isaiah's 35th chapter, an old "spring song:" "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose." Acts 2:13, 15-18, "These are not drunken."

II. Various evidences of spring are:

a. Trailing arbutus — spring poems, marbles — lovers trysting — nest building — moving day — fishing tackle — new clothes.

III. The soul should have its resurgence of life and delight in God.

a. Perfectly normal is the rhythmic flow of life and nature, seasons and tides and heart beats; no dull uniformity in nature or man.

b. National religious festivals among the Hebrews recognized and promoted this recurring religious enthusiasm; "Church days" do so now

if observed; "fasts and feasts and new moons" need not enslave us, but may help us into a new spirit.

IV. Non-Christian observers wait to see "signs of spring" in the lives of believers.

a. A distinct loss is what Professor Jacks writes about as "The lost radiance of religion." Gerald Stanley Lee in "Crowds" asks plaintively why people coming out of the church do not seem to be so full of eagerness and vitality and happiness as those who stay out.

b. To be alive, spontaneous, serve and give with enthusiasm, to lift without creeping and grunting, to be constantly leaving a "low vaulted past"—this is the very best advertisement of religion; to make observers say, and without ridicule, "He has the spring fever in religion" is a desirable end; and it is obtained when one can sing honestly "There's springtime in my soul today."

#### Sing or Quote

I. Hewitt's "Sunshine in the Soul;" Wesley's "O for a thousand tongues," especially the fifth stanza:

"He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
 New life the dead receive;"

Pierpont's "For the beauty of the earth."

#### II.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
 Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike as if  
 We had them not." — Shakespeare.

"The sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
 And let the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabors sound!

"We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts today  
 Feel the gladness of the May." — Wordsworth.

\* \* \*

### MEETING III

Rev. E. Allan Chamberlin

### "THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD"

#### Preparation

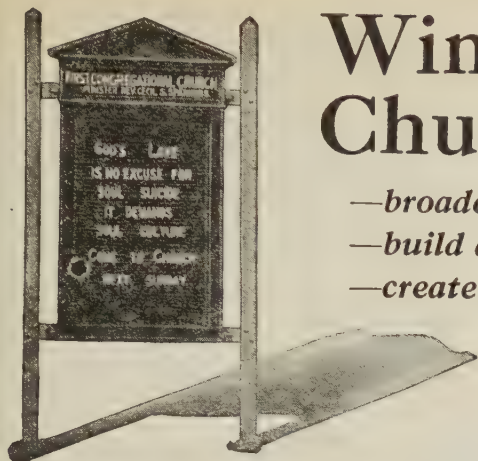
Read carefully Chapters 4 and 5 of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. Make a drawing to illustrate the theme for the meeting. The cut used in this outline may be copied. Use the drawings or cut on the invitations or notices you send to advertise the meeting. Your cards may read like this:

Are you a Good Soldier of Christ?  
 Come to the Mid-week meeting  
 Wednesday, 7:00 p.m.

and learn how to Wear the Whole Armor of God!  
 Your friends will have part in the discussion  
 Signed.....

Pastor.

Have a blackboard large enough to be seen from any part of the room, a supply of crayon, and a good light to project the drawing you expect to develop during the progress of the meeting. (If

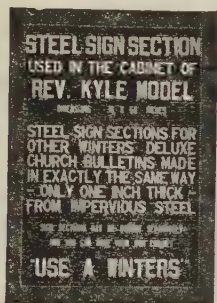


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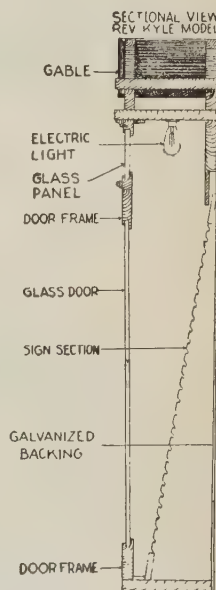


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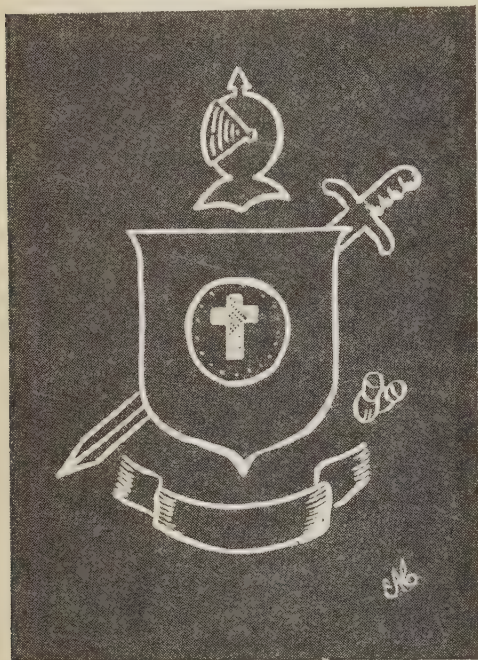
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you are not familiar with the crayon work, place the design on the board in light lines before the meeting, and develop the picture by using heavy lines during the meeting.)



Assign the following scripture passages to lay members of the congregation. •

Eph. 4:28. "That he may have whereof to give to him that hath need."

Eph. 5:2. "Walk in love, even as Christ also loved you."

Eph. 5:15. "Look therefore carefully how ye walk."

We find it wise to assign the passages during the meeting, calling upon the members chosen to read the passage, and give instances in life where obedience to this command has brought blessings, and disobedience has worked havoc and ruin. There will be little difficulty in getting response, and the attitude will not be cut and dried as when the matter has been thought out beforehand.

#### Plan for meeting

Opening hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Scripture reading, Eph. 4:10-17, by the pastor.

Hymn, "The Fight is on."

Reading of assigned passage, and informal remarks by -----

Hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to War."

Reading of assigned passage, and informal remarks, by -----

Reading of assigned passage, and informal remarks, by -----

Prayer by (Call upon someone in the audience).

Blackboard illustration and talk. "The Whole Armor of God." (Draw each part as your theme is developed.)

#### Outline for Address

##### Introduction:

The armor must be divine.

It must be whole.

##### Weapons of defense:

The girdle of truth.

The breastplate of righteousness.

The sandals of the gospel of peace.

The shield of faith.

The helmet of salvation.

##### Weapons of offense:

The sword of the spirit.

The word of God.

##### Conclusion:

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit."

Not by eloquence.

Not by benevolence.

Not by sociability.

##### Prayer by the Pastor.

Hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"

Lord's Prayer, in unison.

##### Benediction.

(The plan for the program may be varied to suit the subject chosen, and the drawings should be simple.)

#### MEETING IV

Rev. John H. Heraford

#### THE ASCENSION

"And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven." Luke 24:51.

##### Preparation

Write a letter or card announcing the meeting to be devoted to this subject. Send it early enough so there will be no other engagements made for the evening chosen. You might word the announcement on this order:

#### "CHRIST DEPARTED THIS EARTH"

When?                      Where?                      How?                      Why?

What relation have the answers to these questions to our daily life? What relation to our future life?

These questions to be answered at the Mid-week service ----- evening, May -----

-----  
Name of Church.

-----  
Pastor.

##### Plan for developing the theme

1. Promise of the Ascension. Ps. 110:1., John 16:15-16.

2. Facts of the Ascension. Luke 24:51, Mark 16:19.

3. Meaning of the Ascension. Heb. 4:14, 16., Eph. 2:6.

##### Program

Hymn, "I know that my Redeemer lives."

Scripture reading, Luke 24:40-52.

Hymn, "My Faith looks up to Thee."

When did Christ Ascend? Acts 1:2-3. (Assign this reading to a lay member, and discuss the

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# Expanding Horizons

By

**Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D.,**

Co-pastor, Park Ave. Baptist Church, New York, N. Y.

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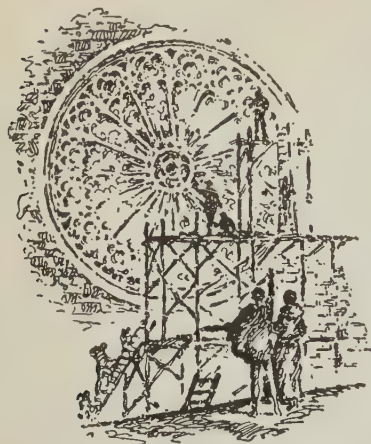
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facts in these verses. Stress the 40 days, in which Christ taught his followers the certainty of his resurrection, and tried to teach them to believe in his presence although he was not seen of them.)

Hymn, "The Son of God Goes forth to War," one stanza.

Where did the departure take place? Luke 24:50. (Assign this reading to a lay member, and discuss the facts. Why did he lead them apart out of Jerusalem, over toward Bethany? Was there a large company or a few chosen followers?)

Hymn, "Stand up My Soul, Shake Off Thy Fears."

How did the departure take Place? Luke 24:51. (Assign this reading to a lay member. Discuss the facts given. Point out how little mention is made in the Scriptures of the actual departure. There is little authority for the common belief that he was carried up into Heaven. The main fact is that he was departed from the sight of the followers whom he had taken over toward Bethany with him. The joy which they felt, even though the Master was not visible to them, is the same joy we feel today when we are assured the Master is near us and in us.

Hymn, "Spirit of God, Descend Upon my Heart."

Why did the Master Depart from sight? John 16:7. (Assign this reading to a lay member, and have pointed out the reasons for his going. In the flesh, Christ could inhabit only one place. He must go, so the Comforter might come. His followers, with the help of the Comforter, would have increased faith, light and hope, which causes them to obey his command to "Preach the Gospel to all men." Christ had told his followers he must go to prepare a place for all believers on his Name.)

Hymn, "Ye Christian Heralds, Go Proclaim."

Summary, and Prayer by the Pastor.

Closing hymn, "Saviour Breathe an Evening Blessing."

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1 Cor. 9:27. One of the saddest stories since the great war tells of an honored soldier from the state of New York who fell into evil ways through self indulgence, committed a crime and was sentenced to the penitentiary. A little later the sorrowing mother received the notification that her son had been awarded the Croix de Guerre for his bravery in the Chateau-Thierry battle. We must all remember that it is the man who endures to the end who wins. Paul understood this.

Tis not in the high stars alone,  
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,  
Nor in the red breast's mellowing tone,  
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,  
But in the mud and scum of things  
There always, always something sings.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

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## The Minister's Business Manager

(Continued from page 940)

"Beginning with the first of next month I'm going to smoke out these slackers and stop the leaks. If we had all the money we been losing we could stand this old town on its head."

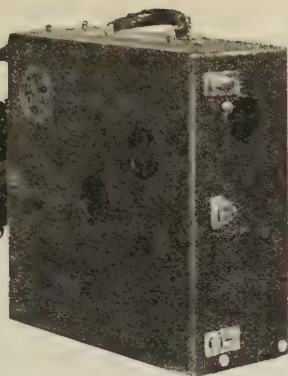
These words called out alarmed protests from the trustees. They felt certain from past experience that such a course would stir up trouble. But Fieldman was so sure of himself and of his policies, and had done so well thus far, that they decided to wait for further developments.

But Fieldman was not satisfied with his success. "Say, Doc, can't you get a little more hell fire and brimstone into them sermons of yours?" he asked one day in a conference with his principle. "These crowds ain't half big enough. If we could find some way to turn thousands away every week we could go ahead and build a whale of a skyscraper church and take the business all away from these other joints. A 'Dizzy, Dazzling Palace of Religion.' How would that sound, hey? Wouldn't that be a feather in our caps. Besides, you know, putting up a building like that would mean some fat commissions and rake offs in my pocket and in yours, and all nice and legitimate.

"I'll tell you what let's do," he went on before the astonished minister could protest. "I'll dig up the dope on this burg and you cook up a series of sermons on the 'Sins of Center City.' We'll advertise it from dam to beer-sheiker, or whatever it is you fellers swear by. 'The Boldest, Baldest, Most Damaging Bombshell ever fired from a Metropolitan Pulpit.' I'll get the true low down on every prominent citizen in this whole city and we'll make 'em pay through the nose. What you say, Doc?"

Dr. Brown tried in vain to register his protest at such a plan. The business manager was so fired up over the possibilities of his scheme that he would listen to no opposition. Almost before he knew what was going on the minister had proof positive in his hands that there is a literal hell, and that its headquarters were in Center City. Against his better judgment, but held by a sense of great obligation to Fieldman, Dr. Brown outlined the series of sermons and finally threw himself heart and soul into fighting sin. Perhaps, after all, he had been too cowardly.

But when the big red headlines flamed forth in the papers, screaming Fieldman's sensational announcements, things began to happen. Fieldman's office was besieged by excited business men and politicians demanding to know what he was trying to do. Leading church men protested, threatening to withdraw all financial support. The trustees met and passed a resolution that whereas it was a minister's duty to preach against sin, the sanctity of the pulpit should never be lowered by mixing in politics and municipal business policies, which ministers could not understand. Their resolution ended by serving notice that if Dr. Brown prostituted his sacred office by mentioning the red light district or bootlegging



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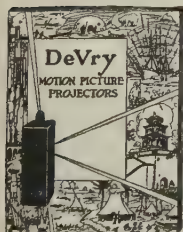
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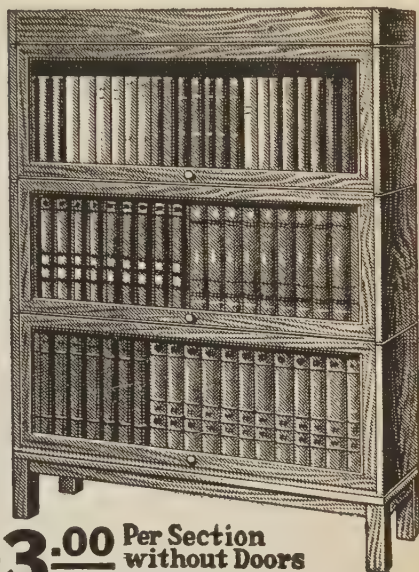


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or the machine at city hall or the protected gambling dens or the dance halls, or the stock gambling or the grafting from school funds they would declare the pulpit vacant.

Fieldman laughed when they presented this document to him.

"I've got the signature of every one of you birds individually on an air tight contract to pay me \$10,000 per year for ten years," he said. "You guaranteed me the full purse, win, lose or draw, and so long as we don't foul we're going to collect. See? It's a preacher's business to fight the devil, ain't it? Well, we're going to do it. We're going to fight him right where he lives. And you fellows are going to pay the bills. You are not dealing now with a meek preacher that can be starved into quitting because he is too good a Christian to stand up for his rights. You're dealing with a business man what isn't afraid to go to the mat in court. See?"

They saw. But a dissatisfied church has one weapon which no contract has ever been able to prevent—a boycott. A crowd of curiosity seekers came to hear the first sermon of the series on Center City's sins. But the members of the church were conspicuously absent. The sermon was delivered, but without the backing of his church the minister could not put his whole heart into it and he left the pulpit troubled and depressed.

All that week letters and phone calls poured into the parsonage. Tearful women begged Mrs. Brown to plead with her husband until she was afraid to answer either the phone or the door bell.

Threats of continued absence, of withdrawal from the membership, of a rival church to be organized by a division, were all trained on the minister. His tender spirit writhed under the abuse.

Fieldman was adamant, securely entrenched behind his contracts. He was not going to back up. Brown must deliver the goods according to specifications.

Before another Sunday Dr. Brown had consulted a lawyer who found a technical flaw in the minister's contract with his business manager, and the manager once more found himself without any talent to manage.

Both minister and people heaved a sigh of relief and settled down to steady work. But something was lacking. Try as he would, Dr. Brown could not get the "punch" into his announcements that they formerly had. The church paper proved a heavy burden on the minister's time and thought. Trustee and committee meetings consumed many evenings.

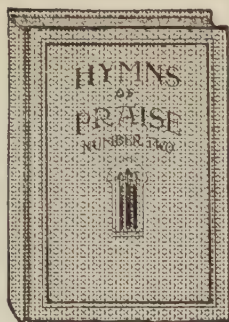
The sermons fell off in interest and polish. Several public addresses were below Brown's usual high standard. Audiences dwindled. Subscriptions were not paid promptly. The salary fell behind. Failure was in the air.

The trustees talked of getting an assistant pastor and hiring another stenographer.

"No, Sir," declared the chairman of a trustee meeting when Dr. Brown was absent. "An assistant just means another big responsibility.

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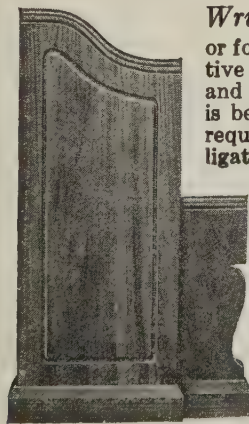
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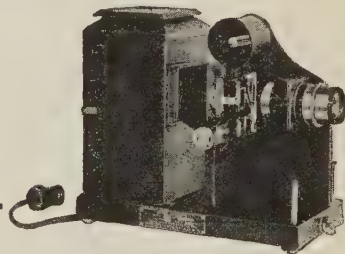
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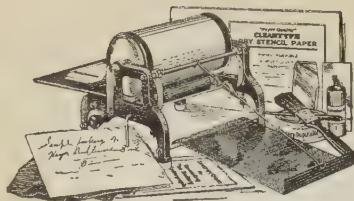
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### The Adventurer

(Continued from page 997)

be progressive, even as the religion of the Hebrews moved forward in pronounced stages from the adventure of Abraham to the last of the old prophets.

Christianity must strike her tents and be on the march to keep abreast of a day like this one in which we live. Christianity will lose its hold on the intellectuals unless we can phrase our essential beliefs in terms which will neither shatter the faith of the conservative nor insult the intelligence of the progressive. Our religion will lose its hold on the laboring classes, so called, if we allow a Socialist soap box agitator to hold up standards of social and industrial ethics which are more in accord with the Good Samaritan than the social ethics of many a church. Woe to us if we allow the younger generation to feel that we think of religion as static in a world in which they are taught and eagerly believe that everything grows unless it is dead. They are learning that this earth and every plant and animal and every institution came to be what it is now by a long, slow process of growth.

Christianity is not a pond or lake with boundaries set and forever static. Rather it is a mighty river. A river has its source up in God's snow-crowned mountain heights; it is ever moving forward, yet it abides. Some one has said, "Rules bind us to the past; ideals beacon us to the future." The Founder of Christianity gave only three commandments, but they are ideals rather than rules to bind us to a dead past. He said, "Love God;" "Love your neighbor;" "Love one another even as I have loved you." Nothing there to bind or limit or hamper. Here is call for adventure and for growth. Try it. Begin today to love God sincerely, your neighbor as yourself, and your fellow Christian as Christ loves you. Keep it up every day this week. Then you will know the high, heroic call of the Christ, "Get thee up out of your narrow, selfish, fearful, little groove into a large, self-forgetful, courageous plain of Christian adventure." Shall we not obey and go with Him, even though we know not whither? No greater challenge ever came to man. "Love never faileth!"

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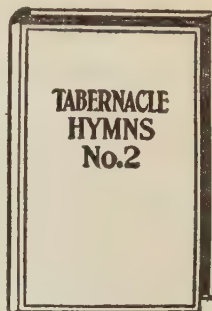
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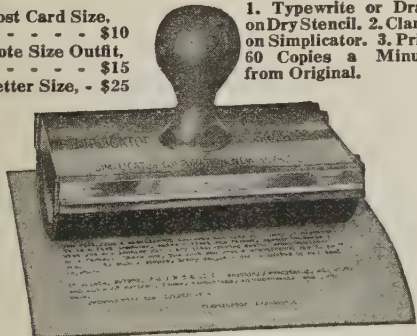
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## The Power of Faith

REV. H. R. ALLEGOOD

"Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain 'Remove hence to yonder place,' and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Matt. 17:20.

This is a striking statement, a suggested parable, challenging in its originality and suggestiveness. Coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration, Jesus is confronted by this anxious father whose son was epileptic. Him Jesus tells all things are possible to those who believe. Mark 9:23. After the healing the Disciples ask him why they could not heal the boy; the answer is "Because of your little faith," followed by the text above.

True faith is the most powerful, active force in the universe. It is likened to seed planted in the bosom of the earth, later growing into a mighty plant. It is said that a grain of wheat which had lain in the hand of a mummy for thousands of years sprouted and brought forth fruit. Faith is the essence of all transactions today. Not a blind, unreasoning, materialistic faith, for there can be no such thing, but a dynamic, reasoning, spiritual faith, the gift of God and Jesus Christ.

I. Faith is powerful because of its infinite relationships.

Not dependent on material things, but is linked up with all the powers of the universe. The seed is given land, moisture, sunlight, it responds to its environment and grows. Science can show us how, can point out the way in which it grows, but cannot show us the why, the secret of life. That belongs to the Great Architect of the Universe. Blind materialism cannot explain life. Likewise the soul, linked up with the power of infinity grows and develops, reaching higher as more and more light is given, as the soul is fed and responds to a God-filled environment. Just as the seed will starve or grow according to its environment, so will the soul. The story is told of a little Swiss boy, who, when asked if he would allow himself to be let down over a precipice to secure a rare plant for a group of scientists, answered: "I'll go if you allow my father to hold the rope." If our lives are in His hand, if those infinite relationships are ours, great things are possible for us.

II. Faith great in dynamic power of accomplishment.

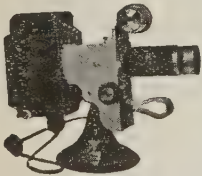
1. Mountains of material matter are easily removed — note the Alps Tunnel, the Panama Canal, the tubes under Hudson River, the mighty Moffat Tunnel now nearing completion. Mighty material results have been accomplished, but none of these did the Master speak; his figure goes deeper.

2. Only God can remove moral and spiritual mountains standing in the way.

a. Mountains of unholy appetite — of intemperance.

Appetite for eating and drinking: it is said that "one-half we eat keeps us alive, one-fourth keeps the doctors alive, the other fourth keeps up the

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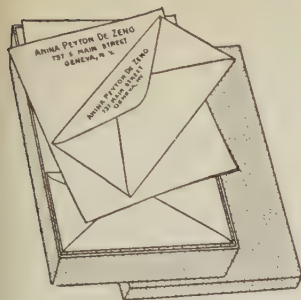
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undertakers and grave diggers." Certainly this is partly true. We need much of this admonition just now when the laws of nature and of our land are being so wilfully violated.

b. Then there are the mountains of selfishness and self-seeking. Just now we seem obsessed with the idea that we are here to get and not to serve. Some one has said the American god is success, material success, forgetting that worldly success is often really loss, and that often the man whom the world calls a failure is a sublime success because he has lived to serve and aid others. God and God alone, through faith, can point out to us the true measure of success.

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the close of that memorable Tuesday just before his crucifixion he uttered this lament, "O Jerusalem, thou that killest the Prophets and stonest them that were sent unto you, how often would I have gathered thee beneath my wings as a hen doth her brood, but *ye would not, ye would not.*" We say, "I know that I should, but I cannot. What we need is the other imperative, "I will, with the help of God." We need to claim the promise "Lo, I am with you, even unto the end of the ages," that can come only as we do His will.

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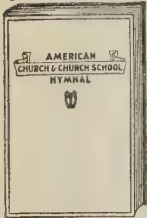
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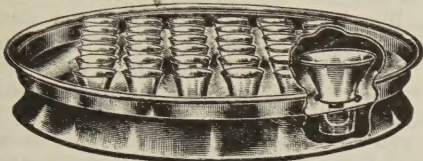
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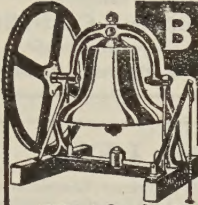
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## I Believe

(Continued from page 993)

asked him, exactly as if he were delivering a blow: "Why don't you believe in God?"

"I have no faith, Leo Nikolaevitch," he replied, seeking to make the answer as sudden and devastating as the question, and that would end the matter.

"It is not true," said Tolstoi. "By nature you are a believer and you can not get on without God. You will realize it one day. Your disbelief comes of obstinacy, because you have been hurt: the world is not what you would like. There are also some people who do not believe out of shyness. Faith, like love, requires courage and daring. One has to say to oneself, 'I believe'—and everything will come right, everything will explain itself to you. Now, you love much, and faith is only a greater love; you must love still more and then your love will turn to faith. You were born a believer and it is no use thwarting yourself."

Here is deep insight, but it does not mean that we are trying to make ourselves believe, forcing the will directly so as to create faith. There is such a thing as "the will to believe," but it is rather one of the "things which accompany salvation," as the wise old Bible puts it. But we can live affirmatively, keeping the heart tender, responsive, and expectant, as over against a neutral or negative attitude, living humbly and reverently, as befits the momentousness of these issues, knowing that the soul is not sufficient to be its own guide—and thus make a soil in which faith can grow and be glorified.

As Clement of Alexandria said, there are three stages in the life of the spirit—Faith, Knowledge, Love. Faith he defines as unfolding knowledge, and knowledge as scientific faith. He means that faith is an adventure that ends in achievement, an experiment that passes into experience. Unless a man is willing to take the risk, make the adventure, and live a life that would be foolish without God, he will remain unassured to the end, balancing probabilities, uncertain of the truth he holds and unable to win the truth that lies ahead. Whatever our woe, whatever our perplexity, let us go on, even when the way is dim, "adding to our faith, knowledge, patience, virtue, love," until we come to the Master himself. His disciples will not do. How like the baffled, bewildered Church of today was that band of disciples at the foot of the Mount of Vision.

Let us go beyond the Church, beyond its creeds, its rites, its dogmas, to the living Christ, and at his feet lay our ills, our woes, our doubts. At last, or soon or late, suddenly or slowly, we shall see that the hem of a human garment we clutched at is the skirt of God Himself, that the voice that spoke by the lakeside and from the Cross is the human voice of the Eternal—yea, and that the beauty that shone in Galilee, and which shines today, is the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!"



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